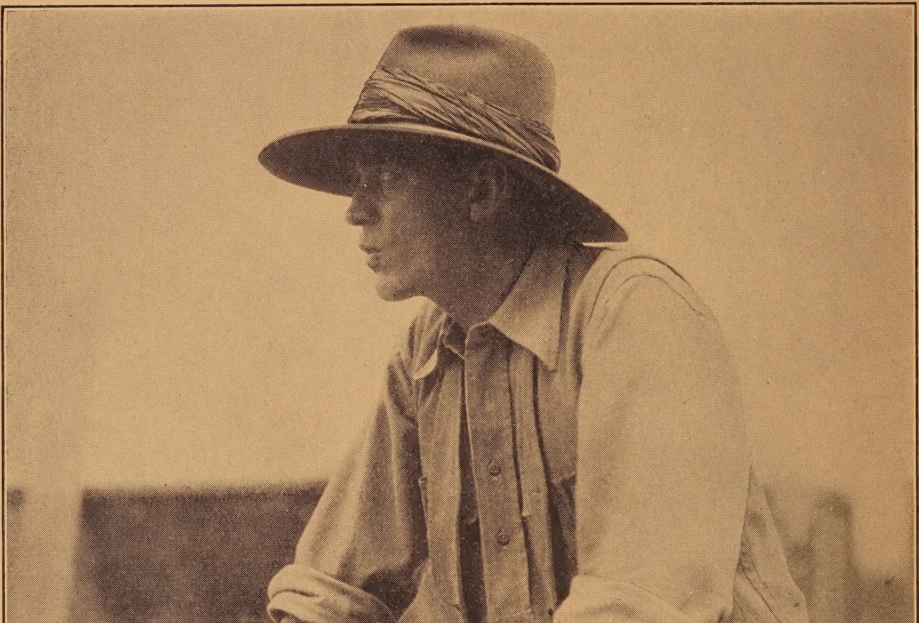
HORNING INTO AFRICA

Van Dyke

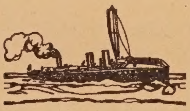
2/2/97 18,94
✓

HORNING INTO AFRICA



COLONEL W. S. VAN DYKE

Horning
Into
Africa



VAN DYKE

Copyright 1931
by
W. S. Van Dyke

Entered Stationers' Hall 1931
All Rights Reserved

First Printing, A. D. Nineteen Hundred Thirty-one

Horning Into Africa
Printed in the United States of America by
California Graphic Press

IT WAS MY GOOD FORTUNE TO HAVE AT MY DISPOSAL MOST VALUABLE RECORDS AND DATA OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, ENGLAND, IN CHARTING THE COURSE OF OUR JOURNEY THROUGH AFRICA. AND IT IS WITH MOST SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR THE EXCELLENT ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE SOCIETY THAT THIS ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS WRITTEN.

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS PRESENTED IN THIS VOLUME ARE FROM THE STUDIO FILES OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COMPANY WHOSE OFFICIALS MADE POSSIBLE A MOST EXTRAORDINARY EXPEDITION OF ADVENTURE TO PRESENT AN ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE MOTION PICTURE—"TRADER HORN."

THE AUTHOR

Dedicated to ALFRED ALOYSIUS
Alias ZAMBESI JACK
Alias TRADER HORN

The Man who started all this nonsense.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I	Amazing Safari	25
II	What A Trip—And How	35
III	Africa or Bust—or Both	47
IV	Africa and Busted	54
V	Civilization Begins To Fade	68
VI	Africa—Savage at Last	90
VII	I Become A Hero	100
VIII	Why I Dislike Crocs	108
IX	Our First Native Trouble	113
X	The First Lion	118
XI	On Into The Congo	125
XII	More Native Trouble	134
XIII	Serengeti Plains	142
XIV	Camp On The Duma	152
XV	M. G. M. Goes Hunting	158
XVI	Game Stories True and Otherwise	163
XVII	Modus Operandi	171
XVIII	Stopped At Last	182
XIX	The Beginning Of The End	195
XX	We Evacuate	212
	The Adventurers' Club	218

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

WITH "MIKE" AND CAMERA IN THE HEART OF UGANDA. *This picture is reproduced for the simple reason it is about the only time on record anyone ever caught me with my back to the camera* 20

A NATIVE VILLAGE OF KUKUAS ON THE BANKS OF THE THIKA RIVER IN NORTH KENYA. *They are more picturesque and less odoriferous looking at them from a distance. And it is somewhat safer, to keep the distance* 28

AFRICAN SWAMP LAND—*evil looking and evil smelling. One moment you are on firm ground and with the next step, you could go out of sight in the "goo." Full of reptilian and germ life and not recommended for constitutionals* 36

JU-JU AND WITCHCRAFT. *Interior of a medicine man's hut way up among the Aluas. Cannibalism is not practiced, or if at all, it is in secret, as the governments have inconsiderately denied them this playful little pastime* 44

HIGH TYPES OF KUKUA WOMEN. *Their dazzling beauty is not so valuable in Africa as their strong backs. The one on the right is worth only three goats* 52

MY ACTORS LEARNED TO CLIMB TREES *and climb fast in Africa. These are real African elephants and a lot closer to the camera than I was* 60

WHAT ELEPHANTS LOOK LIKE WHEN THEY'RE COMING. *It is moments like this when the elephant gun shrinks to about the size of a cap pistol, and you long for nothing quite so much as a tank. Probably one of the greatest thrills in Africa is to be in the tall grass with one of these fellows and have him slightly disconcerted* 68

UNLOADING FROM A RIVER BOAT *and reloading to trucks at Rhino Camp, on the shores of the White Nile. From here we went into the Congo. The clothing most of the natives wore in this district would have made Eve look dressed up* 76

FACING PAGE

Nice, Pearly, White Teeth *that need very little cleaning by the birds, but the nest of leeches, which you can see in the lower jaw, often affords a hearty repast for the plover* 84

Top of Murchison Falls *where the entire waters of the Victoria Nile flow into a gap fifteen feet wide with a two hundred foot drop. Incidentally makes the noise of the discharge of a big naval gun sound like a dud blast of a seidlitz powder* 92

Early Morning After A Night of Flood. *Some of the tents are still standing due to huge trenches we had dug around them, somewhat after the manner of a Flanders' battlefield* 100

Harry Carey, *who nearly lost his foot trying to kid the crocodiles, and a couple of them are nearly laughing themselves to death. Just a little recreation to highlight the day's toil* 108

This One Got Obstreperous. *Of all the animals in Africa, the lion is possibly the easiest to hunt and kill. One party of Americans killed fifty-six lions in three weeks—wanton slaughter of a noble beast, who probably has more mercy in his heart than the humans who hunt him* 116

A Triumphant Engineering Feat. *An elevator to raise our cameras above the level of the elephant grass, when we got the elephants where we wanted them. The reason the writer is not in this picture is that the elephants were coming at the moment* 124

Edwina Looks Pleasant Here, But She's Not. *At this moment she is suffering from (name the disease yourself) and asphyxiation. Her blonde hair was ever a source of wonder and delight to the pygmies. The Chief seated in the foreground is the proud possessor of several cubes of salt—a mark of affluence and power in the Congo* 128

Harey Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia Oomooloo *standing over the body of a topi from which they had just driven three lions. They go on with the scene while the three lions sit not far off and wonder what foolishness this is . . . It was* 132

FACING PAGE

ONE OF OUR LITTLE PET PLAYMATES *and a few of his wives. He did very well by himself. I was never sure whether or not all the people standing behind him were his children. And I don't think he knew..* 140

ISCARI, THE KING'S CRACK AFRICAN RIFLES, *and there is no better fighting force in the world nor more loyal. In times of peace they act as Africa's Royal North West Mounted Police with just as fine a reputation. Their only mounts are shanks' mares....* 144

THIS POOR FELLOW DIED HARD *and gave us a few very unpleasant moments. I expected to get a large block of stock from the Lucky Strike people when I sent them this picture. They mailed me six packages..* 148

AT THE TOP OF THE THIKA FALLS. *Another African torrent which represents enough power to light all of Kenya Colony. It is a pity this picture was not taken in color. There were several rainbows holding petting parties in the spray..............................* 156

A BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE MASAI. *Hair plaited with blood, mud, and cowdung. Earrings of iron and copper. Spear of malleable iron which he himself smelts from the ore. One of the finest and most fearless fighting men in this or anybody else's land..* 164

IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, *this picture was taken just after I had accidentally bumped my jaw against Harry Carey's fist while stealing his last can of tobacco* 172

DICKINSON, MYSELF, AND ONE OF THE ENEMY *at about the time when the little red bug was found. Note the parrot-like mouth of the rhino....................* 180

KUKUA WARRIORS IN ALL THEIR FINERY, *and mean as they make 'em. Notice the cute little native black jack in the hand of the one on the left, and he'd love to use it on anything, black or white...........................* 188

KUKUA ROYALTY, FATHER AND SON, WITH JU-JU STICK *and amulets. The vestment of the young lad is of kongoni hide soaked in oil, while the old lad has a good-sized piece of cloth bought from the Dukor Store. In such habiliments they feel far more dressed up than a grenadier...............................* 196

MUTIA NEVER DID KNOW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT. *He just did what the crazy white man told him to do and very nearly stole the picture.................* 204

An Arab dhow off the African coast, loaded to the gunnel with vermin and smells. These little ships often traverse two or three thousand miles of ocean.

LOOKING BACK

LOOKING BACK

Somewhere back there in the infinite recesses of mind lies Africa, and now only in my mind can I conjure up its seeming. There is very little of reality in retrospection, which often leads me to wonder if we live only in an eternity of now.

True, memories of places, people, pleasures, sorrows, thrills and boredom crowd themselves into reflections and in chorus shout, "We once were," but were they?

I had returned to Hollywood but one day until it seemed I had never left. People asked me, "How do you like Africa?" I tried to answer with something of the past that was tangible and found only a dream much like any ordinary vision of sleep, as far as actual events were concerned.

Apparently there was concrete evidence that the past really did exist, in trophies, in curios and in fever micros which still coursed through our veins. These things are actual and real, but their origin and source and the occurrences which gave them reality are less than shadows . . . gone forever.

The metallic blare of an elephant's trumpeting . . . the moaning wail of the hyena . . . the sudden benumbing charge of the rhino . . . the fierce aching of muscles counteracting malaria, all are now but figments of memory. Wives again have their husbands of my company . . . sweethearts are again dancing with their lovers . . . and the gang that joyously romped, sweated and worked across Africa are plodding along in the old humdrum ruts they had left for a period of nearly a year.

Again everything is normal and conscience somehow struggles with veracity in retrospection.

I had vowed by all that was sacred that I would never attempt a book about any place I had been in the course of my checkered career, principally because I did not want to add to the volumes of misinformation already in print; and if this diary ever takes the shape of a book, it is due to accident, which will always be the source of a good laugh.

Expressing oneself in words to be reproduced in the form of writing for interesting record has always been a mystery to me, and the reader will easily agree that writing is not my game. In the chronicles that follow let it be said in the foreword that the lack of "color" which the novelist believes necessary to make his story interesting, is forever in the foreground, principally because I have been compelled to stick very close to the truth. There are too many people concerned who are still very much alive, many of them my neighbors, to permit me to indulge either in poetic license, or imaginative episodes. Therefore my style, even if I hoped to cultivate one, is severely cramped in the very beginning, and in order to have this memorandum worthwhile I must always feel the liberty to refer any incident hereafter related to the people who went through the same experiences with me.

Some things may seem incredible, others just asinine, but wonder as we may at the bizarre or the unusual, it is the intent to keep as near within the facts as it is humanly possible for the writer to state them.

W. S. VAN DYKE

Los Angeles, California
1930

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TRIP

Preparation for an expedition of whatever nature, pleasure bent, or on scientific research, particularly if going into isolated regions other than your own home stamping grounds, involves a good deal of rather careful investigation of what is best known about the physical anatomy and its contingencies on some particular objective. For the benefit of anyone contemplating an expedition, the results of my own experiences may or may not be of assistance. It is not my intention to overemphasize the need of careful consideration of all conditions a party is likely to meet in whatever part of this merry old world it may be headed for. However, it is the better part of valor to know a little something about almost everything, and after that, be guided by your own best judgment.

You will hit many disappointments as I have done. And the very simple things neglected reveal themselves to be more important after one is actually on the ground. Transportation equipment, that genius of success, and emergency supplies, while highly important factors, are usually heavily loaded with curious surprises.

After receiving an assignment, I gave a great deal of time reading and seeking information from every possible source I could think of. Always wherever I have been headed, whether up into the Arctic, into the Indian lands, down into the South Sea Islands, or over to Africa, I have always been reminded many times, after our party had been landed on the ground, about the man who had decided on the purchase of a perfect watch.

After investigating the construction of the world's greatest chronometers, he ordered his secretary to purchase one of the dollar variety to avoid super-dependence on the perfect timepiece, which might, after all, fail when most needed. Even balance and not extremes will get results in any undertaking. And it was by the process of deduction that our party was carried over many bad and uncomfortable spots through the long trek in Africa.

Food and its functions are always widely different from those of your own home town. The native will thrive on variations of cooked and raw foods, which our company could not have digested at the beginning. On the other hand, while we generally stuck quite closely to well-cooked rations and boiled water, we were guided largely by conditions as we found them from place to place.

It may sound unusual to stress knowledge of weather conditions as a vital part of preparation, but the barometer—that old witch of the air—seemed to have a greater influence on the physical power of our party than one would ordinarily imagine. In the low, damp, heavy atmosphere, starches were cut down. In the high altitudes, acids were discouraged.

Fear is a great factor in interrupting progress of any kind, whether you are creating a great industrial enterprise, a fishing expedition at the North Pole, or making pictures in Africa. And it has a great deal to do with the physical side of humanity. I have frequently been inclined to lay more stress on "suggestion" than might be approved by the medical profession, but one thing is certain: My trips have convinced me that each enterprise is subject to conditions singular to itself, and the best-laid plans of mice, men, and dietitians proved the greatest mistakes.

Equatorial storms strike suddenly, and I noted the approach of one was, unconsciously perhaps, felt by many members of our party in advance of the disturbance. There were occasions when the storm left its effect on our crew for several days. Temporary ailments were invariably laid to something which had been eaten, when, as a matter of fact, the effect of a storm has extraordinary influence on the entire intestinal tract.

Dysentery would occur, in many cases, severe enough to incapacitate the boys from twelve to forty-eight hours. At times, this same trouble would occur after an unusually trying experience with animals and invariably, more or less, reflect in the mentality of the patient.

In the selection of the people to make this trip, I had the advantage of experience; of working with large groups; and it made it less difficult to select men and women best qualified for an expedition of this kind.

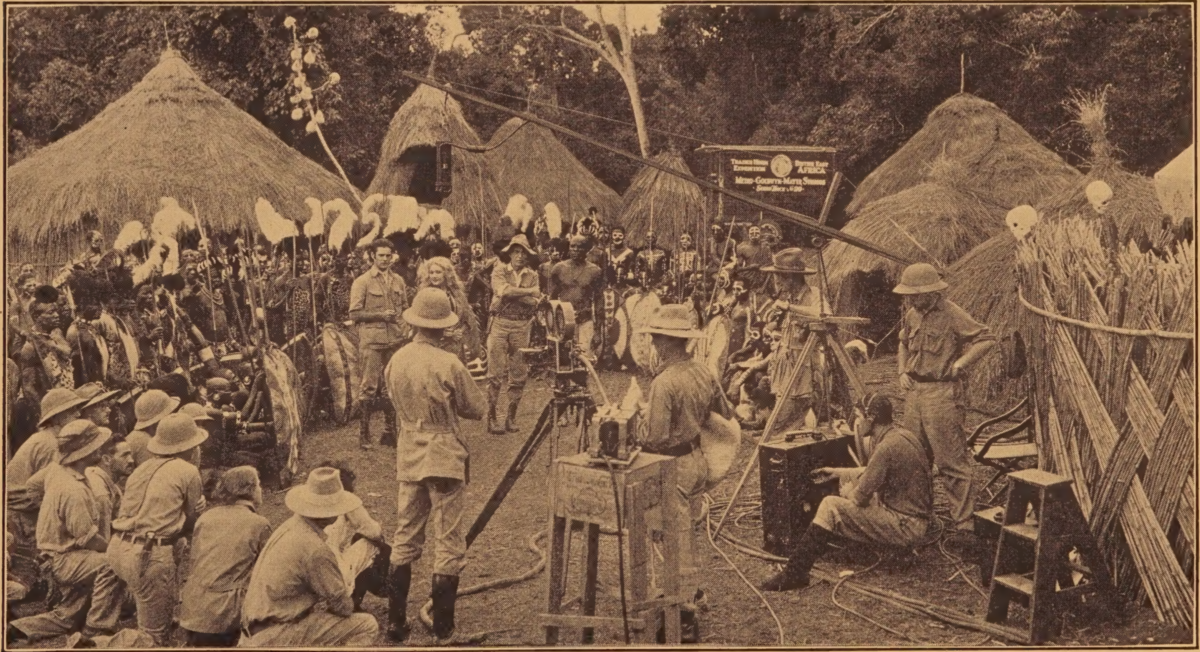
In the making ready of efficient transportation facilities, the greatest assistance I enjoyed came from the Royal Geographic Society. The work of this organization is thorough, extreme, and unbiased in all of its reports—quite different from our curious American psychology that insists upon each particular part of the United States being God's own country. Maps and surveys completed by the R. G. S. proved very accurate, and these augmented by meteorological reports served to complete preparation, which later proved in many instances our salvation.

The equator possesses series after series of unusual climatic influences which manifest themselves in every phase of human affairs and, of course, naturally extend into animal life the habits of which are changing continually and become aggravating enough all the time.

Parallels as related to details are rare, and each experience and adventure of one expedition as compared to another are useful only when applying the process of deduction contingent upon the moment. It is a daily problem to meet and defeat new obstacles which may never occur again to another expedition.

It was interesting to observe the behavior and temperament, the action and reaction, of each member of our party during the fourteen thousand miles of travel in Africa. In America, we heard a great deal of savages. In Africa, we met none. Customs which history has related that white people had been subjected to, tortures and forced isolations, when repeated to the unknowing, appear to be horrible, unbelievable experiences. Careful analysis, however, often proves them to be no more atrocious than some which occur in our large cities almost every day.

Confidence on the part of natives accompanying the expedition is positively necessary. Once confidence was established with the African native throughout the territory we traveled, nothing was left to be asked for in the way of cooperation to the extent of their knowledge and understanding. There are old and established superstitions among various tribes which seemed to us to be altogether nonsensical, yet if you match these with many of our own, I think you will find that we are subjects of greater influences from foolish superstitions than any tribe I met in Africa.



With "mike" and camera in the heart of Uganda. This picture is reproduced for the simple reason it is about the only time on record anyone ever caught me with my back to the camera.

Conditions which we will call "local" become the everlasting problems of explorers which, after all, are very little different from our own. I mean by this that the peace, good-will and friendship of the aborigines are easily obtained if you trade fairly, and are appreciated as much there as in what is called the most highly civilized country in the world.

AMAZING SAFARI

CHAPTER I

AMAZING SAFARI

"Amazing safari!" The words are not mine. They were softly muttered by an African white hunter who is considered by his profession one of the best in the business. His postoffice address is: W. V. D. Dickinson, White Hunter, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa—and this ad hasn't cost him a penny nor netted me one! It was the last night down on the Nguruman, a little stream a couple of hundred or so miles south of Nairobi that comes down out of the mountains, ripples its way onto the flat, and then sinks into Africa.

Supper was over and in front of my tent we were smoking a cigarette or two while performing our usual mental and physical gymnastics of cussing and slapping mosquitoes. The last scene for "Trader Horn" that I had to get in Africa had been shot that day, along with the last buffalo, and I felt as if a manhole cover had been lifted off my shoulders. Somewhere back of camp a hyena was wailing, possibly on the carcass of the buffalo. Suddenly he, too, became quiet. The lions had arrived. Somewhere overhead a bell-bird was dinging away insistently and monotonously. Somewhere up the line one of the boys threw an alarm clock at one of our pet apes.

"Well, Dicker, it's been a long safari," I remarked by way of saying something obvious.

"Amazing safari," he replied, more to himself than to me, and there was just a hint of sorrow in his tone.

Safari is an African word meaning "on a trip" and ours had been a hard one.

After all, he had enjoyed it. He loved trouble better than most Africans love their "sundowners." He courted danger much more courageously, I'll gamble, than he ever courted his wife. I have never seen a man more cool, calm and collected than this man Dickinson when faced by a sudden, wholly unexpected, and very real peril. "Well, here's a go," he would sometimes laughingly remark, when plunging in to kick a wounded lion out of dense brush or when crawling on his hands and knees through a thicket so that he could get close enough to two or three rhinos to scratch a match on their pants.

I did not realize what he meant by the adjective "amazing." It made me think of certain American film producers. The only thing about it that had been amazing, to my mind, was its inception. After all, for a Hollywood producer to conceive the idea of sending twenty-five or thirty Hollywood motion picture actors with ninety-two tons of equipment into the center of Africa, to go prancing around over the thorn bush terrain, considering the great cost in dollars and cents involved, was rather an amazing idea. Nobody but an adventurer would have thought of it, no one but a goof would have tried to do it, and no one but a clown could have gotten away with it.

"What is amazing about it, Dicker?" I asked.

At this point a mosquito tunneled in under Dick's ankle bone, and I received the full force of his reaction.

"Van Dyke, that is a silly-ass question," he replied in his best cultured English. "You realize that we started out over seven months ago with thirty-five whites and that you are about to take the boat back to America with thirty-five whites —and the same thirty-five."

I had not thought of it before. It was true that it was not in the cards that we would have such luck. Two or three members of my party should have stayed in Africa for good. It was not giving percentage a fair deal.

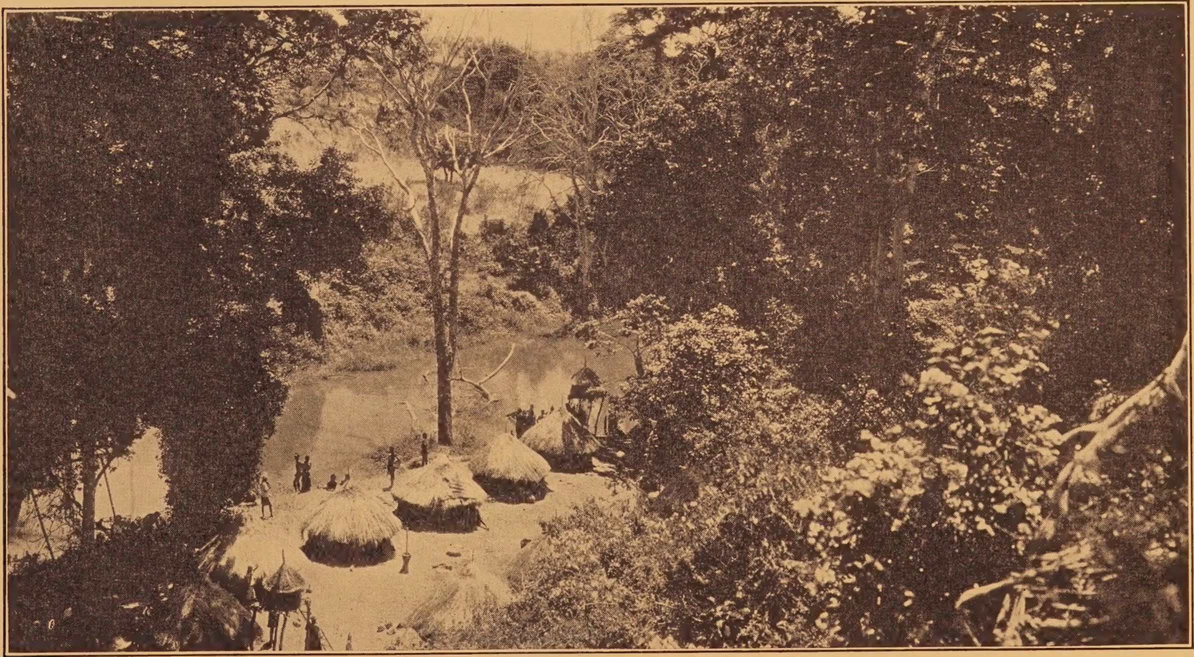
We had faced and played with all the big game Africa had to offer. We had slept with scorpions and hobnobbed with the tsetse, pitched our tents under the favorite branch of the python, and on the bedding ground of the black "mamba." We had drunk from stagnant water holes all over Africa, where herds of baboons had played and bathed, where rhino and kongoni had fought and wallowed. Of course we had boiled the water and while that had supposedly killed bad germ life, it had not removed the stench nor the carcasses.

Time and again the blazing African sun had knocked down first one and then another of the company. Our sympathy consisted of a bucket of water. Ague, malaria and black water fever had visited us in turn, had tasted of our hospitality consisting mostly of quinine, and had left us disgruntled, but here we all were intact with our accessories and extremities all in good working order.

There were many tight places and near squeaks from the fever, from the animals, and on one or two occasions from the natives themselves. More than once we were very close to leaving one of the men or women back there where they must be buried the same day they die. It was in these moments that the face of a wife or a mother would come prominently to the forefront of my vision. And those that were left back in Hollywood afforded me as much worry as those that were with us. I knew they would depend upon me to bring their men back again. I knew that they trusted me not to run them into unnecessary danger of any kind. But if they could have seen the things we did sometimes, I am sure my name would have been anathema in that little moving picture colony way back in the good old U. S. A.

Previous to our debut the largest safari to enter Africa had been that of the Prince Edward, a stupendous undertaking with about a dozen whites, fifty blacks, ten or twelve cars, and possibly seven or eight tons of equipment. His safari had not been under way many days when His Royal Highness was called home by the illness of his father, King George, but the fact that the white hunters had maneuvered such a large safari over several miles of Africa without a casualty and with no one dying from fever was considered remarkable.

We had been in Africa more than seven months with thirty-five whites, one hundred ninety-two blacks, thirty-four cars, one generator



A native village of Kukuas on the banks of the Thika River in north Kenya. They are more picturesque and less odoriferous looking at them from a distance. And it is somewhat safer, to keep the distance.

truck, and two sound wagons. The speedometers on the cars showed that we had traveled over nine thousand miles of African soil, to say nothing of rail, lake and river travel and distances covered on foot, and we had brought everyone back—black and white.

Yes, it is true, that was slightly amazing. The only man lost was really not of our party. He had been sent by the Governor of Uganda to help us out, up in the Murchison Falls area, and was a government hunter. He died just before we left Africa.

Long before we left America, the knowing ones were laughing in their sleeves. When the publicity department began to function and the news was generally thrown around the world that a big picture corporation was sending a company into the Dark Continent, letters began to pour into my office from all over the globe. They came from persons who professed to know every inch of African territory, were related more or less to every man, woman and child in Africa, and had a speaking acquaintance with every animal in the bush. While the letters contained a great deal of valuable advice, few of the writers failed to mention what a great idea it would be for the company to hire them to go along as guides, mentors and protectors.

I read all the letters carefully, and the twelve apostles never gave greater or more varied information in regard to any one subject than those people gave about Africa. Finally, I went to authoritative books and found again that every one had a different tale to tell. On reaching

Africa, I found that all were wrong, and when I say I am the only man living who has written anything about Africa that is right—oh, yes!—that's that.

But in the meantime as you read this—if you do—please let me say that I am not describing Africa, its natives and its animals as they really are. I am merely telling of those with which I came in contact and of how they appeared to me. I am not an authority on Africa, but just a man who had to eat, drink, sleep, sweat and work with the country, the natives and the animals for over seven months.

When preparations for our journey were in progress, a great and well-known African authority and moving picture man visited the offices of our company in New York and warned our Vice-President not to send anything into Africa that weighed more than a ton and a half. This was after we had definitely decided to take a generator truck along, which of itself weighed nine tons; two sound trucks, each weighing seven tons; and twenty-two other trucks, each of which, when loaded, weighed about five tons.

That "Don't take anything into Africa that weighs over a ton and a half" did not sound encouraging, but up rose my Dutch and I vowed that the gang of roughnecks I called my staff would put every ounce of equipment and flesh into the heart of Africa and bring it out again before we were through.

Three months after landing at Mombasa the entire company with full equipment was encamped about ninety miles due west of Faraje, close to the northern border of the Belgian Congo and what constitutes practically the geographic center of Africa. Don't ask me how we got there—God alone knows, I don't. Time and again I would look at a truck and would be on the point of exclaiming, "Unload that thing and leave it," when some hard-boiled member of our hard-boiled staff would say, "Let's give it one more shove"—and out it would come.

That staff built roads and bridges, cut their way through bush and forest, and the tougher the going became, the more they seemed to enjoy it. They literally thrived on the impossible, and when it was proved quite conclusively that a thing could not be done, they would just do it.

A few days later found us several hundred miles south, still in the Belgian Congo in the Luberi district; a few weeks later found the whole kit and "kaboodle" down on the Serengeti plains. Two or three months more and we were thirty miles north of Nairobi on the Thika River. Another century, or so it seemed, and we were two or three hundred miles farther up on the Northern Waseniri at a place called Barsaloi's Crossing. Another eon and we were again two or three hundred miles south of Nairobi on the Nguruman, from which place I start my narrative.

Up to this point we had covered fourteen thousand miles of Africa. If any of you will step into a car after breakfast and tour around the United States for nine or ten thousand miles, you're going to be late for luncheon, and if you take with you thirty-five motor trucks, you're going without dinner.

But perhaps I would better begin at the beginning. I understand that it is always good literary form—beginning at the beginning and ending as nearly as possible at the end. And speaking of literary form, I hope that no one endeavors to find any in this little narrative. I know nothing whatever about it, and if any is to be found in this book, it got there without my knowledge and over my protest.

Once upon a time a fussy woman writer found a fussy man, a tin and wire peddler, roaming somewhere in Africa. Under the stimulation of numerous cups of tea the old man told the woman writer stories. (I have only their word that it was tea, but I have seen the same kind of animals and have seen them better when I was drinking anything but tea!) I do not mean to question the veracity of either one, but I must admit that the old Trader certainly was garrulous and that the dear lady flung a nimble pencil. And I'll bet that neither of them had ever heard of P. T. Barnum or what he had to say. All of which goes to show that some folks have greatness thrust upon them. And because the lady's tea and the old man's capacity held out until the book was written in a far-off corner of the globe, some overly ambitious moving picture people beat it out of dear old Hollywood and into Africa there to try to outimagine the original adventures described in the book. Some job! Of course we were not compelled to go. But I never have been accused of having any sense, and I'm not bragging about the rest of the gang.

Before continuing this narrative any further I wish to say a few things more about the Prince of

Wales and his safari. It might interest the American people to know just what they think of this young man in Africa. If there is any place on earth that will try the caliber of a man, it is Africa. If there is any environment that will bring out his weak spots, it is that of an African safari. If there is any peril that will try the courage of a man, it is that of the African bush. And if there are any reminiscences that will test the veracity of a man, they are those of the African hunt.

Two little incidents throw high lights upon the character of the Prince of Wales. His white hunters ran him up against the charge of a rogue elephant. He took one shot, dropped his gun, and ran. Does that sound like cowardice? Well, it wasn't. I defy any man to stand and take his first elephant charge.

The white hunters brought down the elephant. A few seconds later when they were all standing around the carcass of the elephant, the Prince of Wales asked who shot the animal. Without a dissenting voice all insisted that he himself had shot it. "The hell I did," he replied. "I was taking myself out of here when that animal came down."

One evening when he came out from a late governmental party, the Prince was the first to reach his machine where he found the driver asleep on the wheel. The driver snapped out of his nap immediately and said that he was not the least bit tired. "Slide over on the other side of the seat and finish your sleep," said the Prince. "I will drive for awhile."

Nothing pleased the Prince so much as to go out in Africa somewhere and get lost, which he did frequently. On one occasion the hunter who was with him was much concerned about how the King and Queen would worry. "Never mind about them now," replied the Prince. "Just think how worried I am at the present moment." But he wasn't. He loved it—and they loved him. That first elephant charge was the only one to which he showed his back, and the wilder the elephants, the more he enjoyed the hunt, and the more the Africans loved him.

A good way to get oneself killed in Africa is to say one word derogatory of the Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER II

WHAT A TRIP—AND HOW

We all kissed our own and others' wives, sweethearts, mothers, sisters and in-laws good-bye on the eventful evening of March the eighteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-nine. We left Los Angeles at six P. M.

The trip to Chicago was exciting and fascinating. I left my compartment only at meal times and then under protest. There was not a comrade nor a platonic friend on the train, as far as I could find out, and I have a keen scent at that. Added to this was the scenic grandeur of the huge forests of Arizona and New Mexico and the idealistic beauty of Kansas and Missouri farm lands with their pastel-colored barns. So filled was every minute of our time that on the trip, so far, we had consumed little or no beverages. Much of the time was passed in sleeping.

Chicago was a total loss. We were in town four hours and not a man was killed! Of course I would be fortunate enough to get into a funny taxi. In that low, musical, modulated voice for which I am noted, I gave the man the address to which I wished to go. He "yessed" me and we started. Three blocks later he turned to me and said, "Chieicufnghtvastighng."

I replied, "No, I want to go to —— West Jackson."

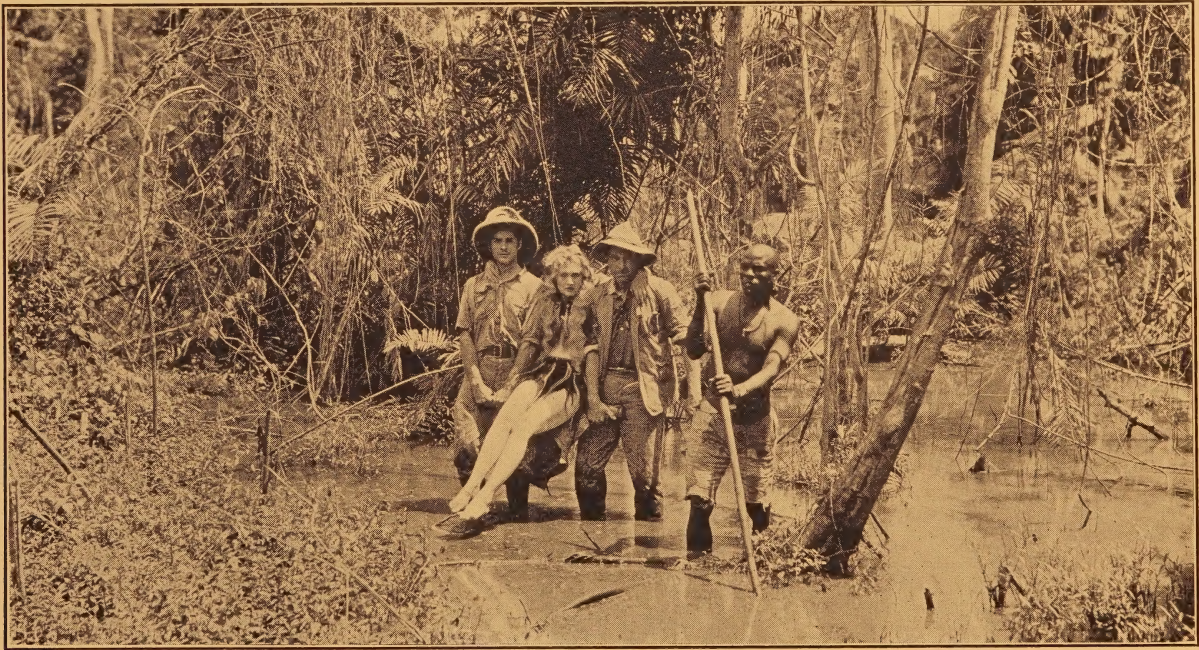
Another three blocks and he turned again and said, "I heard the number, but what was the street?"

"Jackson," I shouted, "General or Stonewell— it doesn't matter." With that we went another block and a half. Then he turned, handed me pencil and paper so that I could write it down. Patience, Camille!

Of course I could not get mad at the man for being deaf, but when, after reading the address, he went nine blocks over the same trail with that damn tickerometer ticking off ten cents a tick I naturally felt somewhat exasperated. Imagine my embarrassment when we finally arrived at the address and found that the bootlegger had gone out of business!

I did look up Speed O'Brien who runs an insurance company in Chicago and found him in the midst of graciously permitting somebody to put six million more nice shiny new dollars into his concern. His offices were full of bankers, financiers, auditors and what have you, and I was about as welcome as gin in a champagne factory. I then went out to the old Essanay Studio and saw Bob Spoor, brother of G. K. Spoor, who still believes that he is going to set the world afire with a new camera of some kind or another. That camera has been brewing for ten years to my knowledge.

After which I again took my life in my hands and rode downtown in a taxi and boarded the "Liberty Limited" for Washington. Stayed up until we passed through Pittsburgh. Never knew that they had volcanic mountains thereabout, but



African swamp land—evil looking and evil smelling. One moment you are on firm ground and with the next step, you could go out of sight in the "goo." Full of reptilian and germ life and not recommended for constitutionals.

will swear that I saw several very active eruptions as we went through. Streams of lava were flowing in every direction while fire and brimstone were rising to the heavens.

Reached Washington without a casualty and was met by Jimmie Archibald, who has been through more military campaigns than anyone else I know—nineteen, I believe. The only one he missed was the Boxer Rebellion and that was because he was with the Boers in South Africa during the little rambunction, which explains Jimmie Archibald's antipathy for Chinamen. He is still sore because they started something when he was busy somewhere else. However, he knows his Chinese and later was made a mandarin. He is the only white man who can travel in China on a Chinese passport and is one of the two men living who had a private interview with the Empress Dowager. The other was my very good friend, General H. H. Whitney.

There was another concentrated variety of T. N. T. who met me in Washington—a man by the name of Brown, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker of the national capital, a man who stands in high favor with the Administration and who has accompanied the President on all of his trips. After much handshaking I was escorted to the Mayflower Hotel and (really, I am not getting a nickel for this) found a hotel that was most delightful. Nice rooms, excellent service, and good food. But do you suppose that those two "honyoks" gave me a chance to enjoy any of this? No!

I was rushed over to the executive offices of the White House to try for a meeting with President Hoover—much to his annoyance and disgust, I'll bet. As there was a cabinet meeting in session, an interview seemed impossible, and for a time I stopped trembling. Then Brown swung into action, and while a Congressman and an Ambassador were vainly trying to secure appointments, I was ushered in to shake hands with the President of the United States of America. The President met me with a quiet, genial courtesy that from one who has so much of that sort of thing to do should have been threadbare and ragged in spots, but it wasn't. The greeting appeared wholehearted and personal. The President impressed me as a man who thoroughly knew his business. He gave me the names of three gentlemen in South Africa to whom, if I happened to run across them, he wished me to convey his kindest regards. He was courtesy itself and made one feel as if one were forming a new and very agreeable acquaintance.

Afterward I met General Summerall, Admiral Moffett, General Fries, Lieutenant Maitland, Executive Secretary Rudolph Forrester and other distinguished men. And I want to say that one feels glad to be an American when one meets heads of a great nation and finds that they are such regular guys. My friends took me through the Capitol building and the Smithsonian Institution. By the time the day was ended I was thoroughly impressed and as proud of my capital as it was possible to be.

But still there was something in store for me—the Lincoln Memorial. Having knocked about the world all my life, I have become rather calloused and my hide has grown fairly thick, but as I stood before that huge image of Lincoln, I felt the goose flesh come out and had a little choke in my throat. I expect to knock about the world for a few years to come. I expect to have many thrills and awesome moments. But never again do I expect the same feeling of awe and littleness that I experienced as I stood before that expression of a nation's admiration for one of her dearest dead.

Evacuating Washington, I hopped the "Congressional Limited," en route to the Great White Way. Just a word in passing regarding that train. It can hit more air pockets, do more tail spins and nose dives and still stay on the rails than any other train in the world. While in the dining car I tried to take a drink and threw the water into the face of the man next to me. Across the way, at the same time, a man started a forkful of potatoes toward his mouth and stabbed his wife.

New York is just New York. Nothing expresses it more or less. I sunburned my tonsils gazing up at the buildings and broke eighteen ribs trying to ride in the subway at five P. M. My life was miraculously saved from the taxis that charged at me from every angle. When a room was given me on the thirtieth floor of the hotel of my choice, I had myself moved ten floors lower so that, if I did fall, I would have only twenty floors to go.

Discovered someone by the name of Neon had redecorated Broadway, and it was now the great red, white, and blue way.

Interviewed by more newspaper men than there are in all the world, it seemed to me. My tongue finally got a hot box, and I had to stop. I spoke to a large meeting of men who called themselves the "A. M. B. A." Don't remember what that stood for, but think it was a branch organization of the Boy Scouts.

To me the most impressive thing in the big city was Trinity Church with its graves full of dead, many of whom were renowned in the past. A church and all buried in an open hole of concrete and steel whose yawning mouth is hundreds of feet in the air.

Finally the day came when all of the company boarded the "Ile de France." It was like stepping out of one big city into another. With a dining room much larger than the familiar Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles and seating more than seven hundred persons, nothing about it suggested the fact that one was on a ship, except when soup slopped into one's lap or when, after coming down with high hopes of eating, it became suddenly necessary to beat it for air. The food was great. The beds were exceedingly comfortable, although I never found out what use they were. It seemed that no one on the boat ever went to bed. The entertainment was continuous and good.

Concerning the liquor aboard it is well to pass over the subject lightly, much in the manner of mentioning the ocean. The ship must have had its own plant aboard and must have distilled the liquor from sea water, because there was no place where such quantities as appeared could have been stowed.

The first three days were rough and I ate alone, but one by one the members of the gang got their sea legs and then made up for lost time, not only with eats. When our good ship reached Plymouth, England, we stopped only two hours. It was just a jumping-off place. Our boat was too big to enter the harbor, so we ran her aground just outside and the passengers waded ashore with their luggage. At least, I guess that is what happened. We could not see very well—the bar windows were too high. Finally we crossed to Havre and docked before we all realized that the voyage was at an end.

Company officials met us and we were conducted to perambulating baby carriages that were to take us to Paris. One of our boys who noticed that on the sill of each window in the car was a sign that read, "Dangerous to lean out," thought it would be funny to have the guard call him down. When he put out his hand he slapped a woman in the face as she was passing in a train bound in the opposite direction. But then he did not understand for whom his gesture was dangerous!

Right here I want to apologize for anything that I said about the Pennsylvania railroad. They do not use rails in France. Just ties. We finally bounced into Paris. I soon learned that there are no insane asylums in France. They put all the mental patients to work driving taxicabs in Paris. There must be a bounty on pedestrians. The only safe way to travel is to remain in one's room.

We all stayed at the Claridge, located on a street which sounds like "Jangle Easy." The company officials took us on a sightseeing trip and we covered as much territory as possible in five hours, which constituted the length of our stay in the French capital. I never saw so many statues. They are thicker than cigar store Indians used to be at home. I did not see much of the buildings as we passed, for I was on the qui vive to count the dead as the taxi driver ran over them.

At last we stood at the Tomb of Napoleon. We bought tickets that admitted us to go in and look at the bier. The system was much in the manner that used to pertain to an oldtime nickelodeon. They do not make admission costly. It is all very cheap—almost nothing, but there is a checkroom for umbrellas where one must pay . . . There are beggars without and within.

We shouldered our way through rich and poor—mostly poor, I think—to the marble rail where we could look down at the huge marble casket that held the man of destiny, and I thought that he was the poorest of them all. Elba, Waterloo, St. Helena could have held no more shame than that to which at this moment he was being subjected—the gawking stares of yokels from every clime, not there to honor him, not there to do homage nor to hail him, not there even to condemn nor to curse him. Anathema carries with it a degree of respect, but the crowd was there to sate curiosity and to get its money's worth.

Within that huge coffin there is still another and within that yet another and within that the bones of a great man. Just bones. By this time even the worms are dead. Surrounding these bones, with their folds still draped, are Napoleon's battle flags, flags torn and shredded by the shot and shell of hundreds of guns, but still standing upright and guarding the remains of the man that flew them. I wondered if behind them there stood the shades of the Old Guard that died but did not surrender. I even thought that I could dimly hear the champing of the bits of Ney's crack cavalry horses, their riders all standing at attention, patiently waiting for the next order of him whom they once idolized.

I lifted my eyes to look at the motley crowd that had paid to come in to stare. In the eyes of only one person I saw a trace of tears. When I raised my eyes higher, I discovered another phase of human orders which somehow did not seem to fit. A little beyond this dark hole and high above it, eternally overlooking it, commanding it, surrounded by giant windows of a peculiar glass that casts a light resembling beams of the sun even on a dark day, is a massive cross, all aglitter with gold and bedecked with gems, ornate, sparkling, rich and fascinating.

What matters it now what Napoleon believed? Whether he was Catholic or Protestant, Ishmaelite or Buddhist? Why could they not let Napoleon's Tomb be just Napoleon's Tomb? If an idolator from the far-flung edge of things should desire to pay earnest tribute to a great man, it must be within the shadow of the Pope. If an atheist from the circles of the most advanced science wishes to bow his head, possibly to the only thing that he respects, he must be reminded of the Inquisition. The effect is loud and raucous, for all the world like a ballyhoo at this side show of a nation.

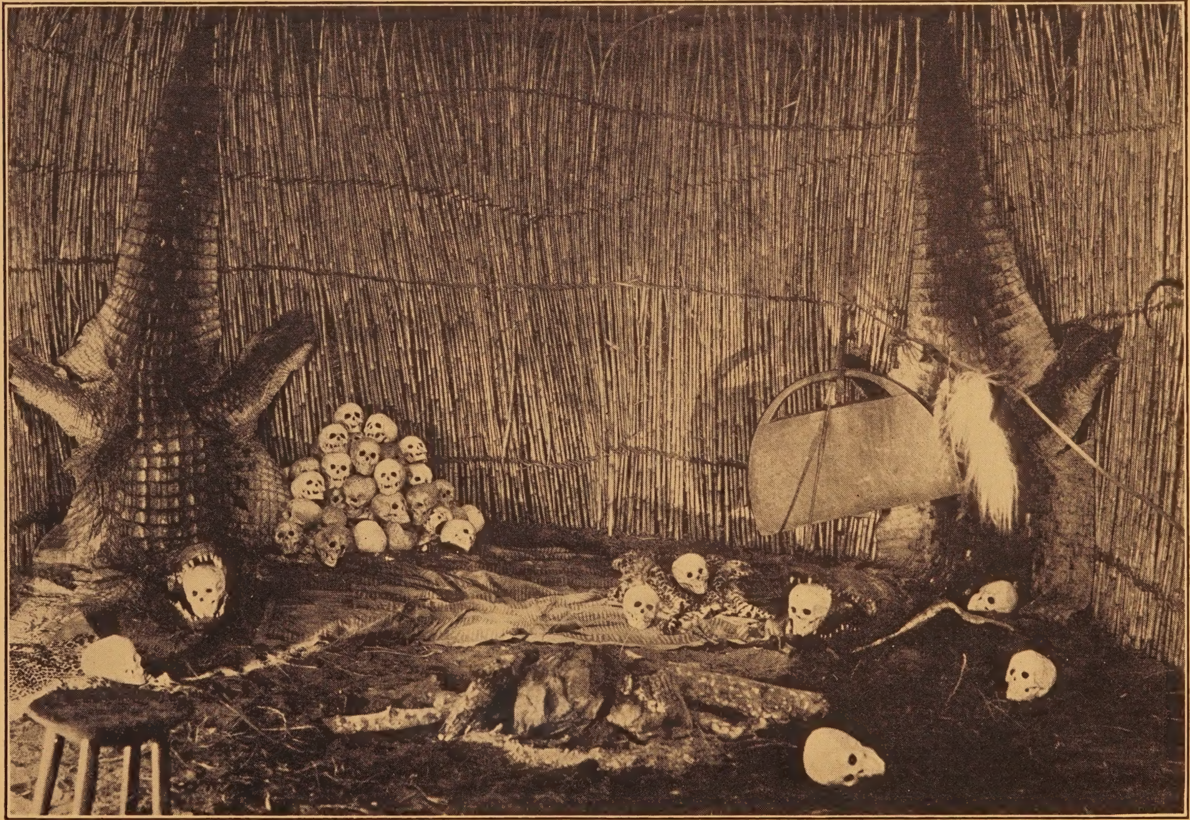
We Americans are called mercenary by Europeans. We tipped the guard to buy our tickets so that we could get ahead of a crowd that was stampeding the grave of Napoleon.

We stopped long enough to go into Notre Dame and to give it the double O. It was most impressive. One is astonished to see the beauty of architecture wrought by those old-timers. They not only understood beauty in building, but when they put anything up, they put it up to stay up. Think they must have gotten the idea from Eric von Stroheim's set at Universal that he used in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," although I did not see any extras around. Again the beggars were without and within.

We left Paris at five P. M. That is nine A. M. back home. The country that we now passed through was not so beautiful as that we had seen on the way to Paris. Next morning we awoke in snow on the summit of the Alps and in a little while we were in Italy. The trip down the mountains was glorious. The villages were quaint and seemed to grow on every bush. About noon we were in Genoa, or Genova, as it is spelled there. But no matter how bad their spelling is, their arithmetic is worse. They can make a dollar look smaller in a second than a grindstone could in a year. I have been "gyped" a great deal in my life, but never was it done quite so artistically.

When I went into a barber shop for a shave, I had to wash my own face afterward. I soon became accustomed to ordering my meals with my finger.

The houses appeared like good "sets." If one



Ju-ju and witchcraft. Interior of a medicine man's hut way up among the Aluas. Cannibalism is not practiced, or if at all, it is in secret, as the governments have inconsiderately denied them this playful little pastime.

lives in a concrete house and grows tired of it, all that is necessary is to paint bricks upon it. Or if one desires a balcony at a window, all that is required is to get a pencil, draw one on the outside, and everyone is happy.

I never saw so many uniforms in my life, but, alackaday, I did not see an organ grinder nor a banana peddler. I think we have a much better Italy in New York. And the only monkeys I was able to find were human. When two of these "Wops" get to fighting, it makes our greatest producers appear as armless wonders. The Italians can swing more arms and hands than a windmill and can talk louder and longer than our radio announcers, but a blow is never struck and both combatants go home happy—to ask their wives who won.

The cafes are great! Two gentlemen go in for a quiet dinner. Suddenly two beautiful women crash the party, order a healthy meal with champagne, have a glorious time and are insulted if their unknown hosts do not go home with them.

Under my window about thirty men were busy tearing down a building. They started just before Columbus sailed and expected to finish sometime before the second coming. In New York one or two street cleaners would have had the whole thing washed up in two hours.

By the way, there is a big statue of Columbus —spelled "Colombo"—out in front of the hotel where I stayed. I went to see where the discoverer of America was born. When the birthplace was pointed out, I thought at first that it was a dog house. It is a little vine-covered dwelling, not nearly so large as an ordinary Hollywood bungalow.

All the automobiles use the old-fashioned horns that must be squeezed in order to toot. If the horns were run off the batteries, the batteries would run down in an hour. I soon learned that not all the lunatics are in Paris.

I met only three or four Italians, but all of them were great scouts who were ready to do anything they could to make my brief sojourn pleasant. One night I dined down in a little dump of a restaurant on the water front, and while I have not an idea what I ate, I had some of the best-prepared dishes I had had in many a day. And clean.

CHAPTER III

AFRICA OR BUST—OR BOTH

I counted noses at the dock when we were about to leave Genoa and found everyone accounted for. But some of them were in a sorry state of dishabille. Distinctly remember Bob Roberts proudly strutting up the gangplank with an old German sailor hat on, for which he had traded his Stetson. And it was some time before we got "Pop" Arnold wedged into his bunk and asleep.

We boarded the "Usarama" on Friday for the last lap of our trip to Africa. I found that the name sounded like the boat. We tried to sleep that first night on the ship, but all during the night the crew loaded three locomotives among other things, and I passed the hours thinking (between crashes) what might happen when we got to sea, if two or three of these locomotives happened to start stampeding in the hold. It would require only one locomotive to put the propeller shaft out of commission, and the only purpose I could figure out of the proceedings was that the crew desired the ship to sink quickly if it sank at all.

I tried for sleep the next day, but my cabin was right under one of the winches and adjoining the hatchway. More locomotives were put in the hold that day. Again I resolved to postpone the sleep until night, but between roars, bangs and crashes, including Italian stevedores' wellstaged battle of tongues, it resolved itself into just one more night. It seemed to me that the Italian is never so happy as when occupied in some high-pitched argument, and the stevedores must certainly enjoy life.

The boat pulled out early the next morning, the thirteenth—happy idea. Then everyone slept. This "Usarama" happened to be an easy-riding old tub and was operated with typical German thoroughness. If a passenger was not on time for meals, he got none. Each one had to register time for bath, and if actually wanted, it was necessary to be on time to the minute. Between two and four in the afternoon all games, romping of children, in fact all amusements had to cease. This period was set aside for naps.

One morning the steward came in to awaken me and incidentally informed me that it was eight o'clock. When I asked "whatt'ell" of it? I was informed that it was time to get up, and for some reason after that I was not able to get the steward anywhere near my cabin.

My seat at the table happened to be with the ship's doctor, and in broken German we were entertained at each meal with an explanation of the different diseases and operations he had run up against. As a result everyone went on a diet.

The first night the leading lady raised a rumpus because she did not like the seat assigned to her. After dinner I gallantly escorted her to her cabin and gently explained that the next time she pulled anything like that, she might expect a light tap on the chin sufficiently well directed to dislocate one of her ankles. The next night the young lady fainted at the head of the dining room stairs and Carey was thoughtful enough to let her fall half way before stopping her . . . just to make the act good. I picked her up, carried her to her cabin assisted by half the ship's officers. Then the "Doc" started to operate and found nothing serious the matter. I will lay a wager, however, that the next time she faints, it will not be at the head of any stairs.

On the boat there were only two assembly rooms aside from one's cabin. One was the lounge, arranged for general visiting, drinking and smoking; the other was a saloon arranged for smoking and drinking. The only advantage the lounge offered was a piano and, bless his heart, there was the dearest young man aboard who played just classical music. Frequently I feared for his life because some of the gang were making inquiries about the deepest spot in the ocean. At times it looked as if the young man had but a few hours to live. However, his life was saved by some kind providence.

We started a little poker game one day which ended happily for me. I won one pound, one bob, one quid, eight and two. I am still trying to figure out how much I was ahead of the game.

On further research of the little ship, I found that not all the heavy tonnage was in the hold. The boat was crowded with English and Germans. . . . No, there were no casualties. Notwithstanding, I had carefully selected a neutral zone directly behind the bar. The German four-piece band played every once in a while which served an excellent purpose of restoring peace when arguments approached the edge of action.

One thing I have got to hand it to the Dutch for—they are clean as pins and know how to cook. Their one kitchen is small and serves three classes. After the "Ile de France" this boat looks like a canoe.

Well, we boarded the good ship "Usarama" in some way or other, and finally got out of Genoa—how, the Lord only knows. The harbor is small and the ships are packed in like sardines. They had to pull the stern of one around and the bow of another, and then they removed a buoy or two, shoved a lighthouse to one side a few feet, and finally we got out.

It is a great sight to see them unload a freighter in that harbor. The ship may be moored alongside of the dock but the dock is merely for mooring purposes. The freight is unloaded on the opposite side of the ship into a scow and then taken over to the dock and unloaded from the scow onto the dock. It seems to be a good old Genoese custom.

The "Usarama" is a cargo ship principally. Passengers are a super-evil and tolerated only providing they do not get in the way of real cargo. The crew is German, and looks it.

I have learned a peculiar thing about Germans. You are always wrong and you never really know. I have yet to see the time when I might venture an assertion and be right. If it is a nice day and you say so, you will find out that it could be a lot better. If it is raining, it is nothing—just a shower and the weather is really lovely.

There are twenty nationalities aboard and am thinking of organizing a peace commission and settling this international problem out of hand.

Most of the passengers in our class come from Britannia. Sir George and Lady Cunningham and their daughter, Peggy, are the most notable among them and the best sports I have run across in a long time. Then there are Major Goldman and his wife, and Bill Freeman, a young Englishman on his way to Africa to do a little shooting, who, I think, have attached themselves permanently to our party and we like it. They are great sports.

We had a smooth and cool passage through the Mediterranean and finally pulled into Port Said, which is called "Port Side." We smelled it before we were in sight of land. Finally we pulled into the canal and anchored.

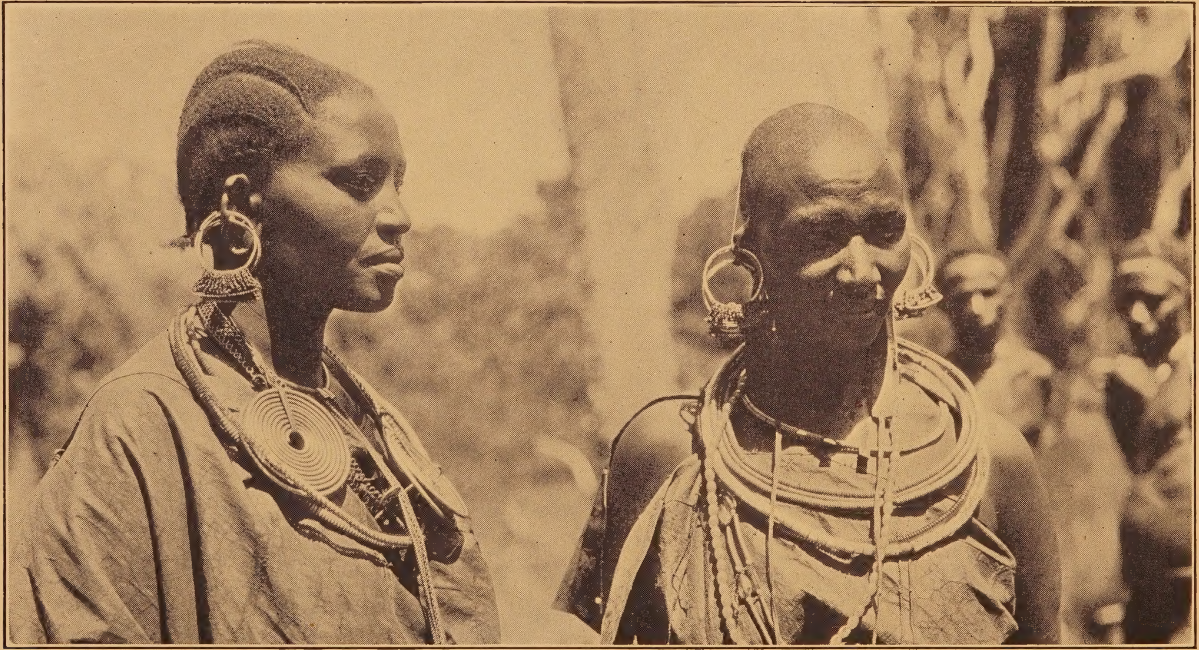
But the old hook hadn't taken hold before the deck was swarming with fakirs and beggars. They brought everything but a gas range aboard to sell. And they insist on your buying; there is no escaping them. If you stop to argue with them, you are hopelessly lost. They will run out into the middle of the street after you and argue with you for a block or more in regard to the worth of their respective goods. They will pull chickens and rabbits out of your ear to convince you that they are good, and if you won't admit it, they will make the coin in your pocket disappear. I ran back to the canal once in a while to see that they hadn't taken the ship. Never did feel sure that the ship would not suddenly disappear, until I was a thousand or so miles into the Indian Ocean.

One of the exchange men in Port Said took us around town. There are as many different things to see as there are smells to smell—and, boy, that is taking in a lot of territory. Finally, I asked our guide to take us to the respectable part of town, and was told that I was already there. So I asked to be taken to the poorer quarter, and was damn near asphyxiated before I got out. The families of every smell I smelled in the respectable quarter were evidently interred in the poor quarter and had been for some time. Stomach finally revolted, and I had to get out.

Then we went to a mosque where a lot of ragamuffins were kneeling, facing the east, and butting their heads against the floor, asking Allah for the privilege of newer and better wives and hoping all unbelievers are buried with a pig.

Went back to the ship and spent half the night listening to them drop the pyramids into the hold and drag them out again. Finally dozed off, and when I woke, we were already far down the canal and in one of the big salt lakes. That afternoon, when I went to my stateroom to throw a little cold water at my face, the pilot took this opportunity of running the ship aground in the middle of the canal. She keeled over until I stuck a foot through a starboard porthole.

I was first into a life boat, making it in nothing flat, as I wanted to see that everything was ship-



High types of Kukua women. Their dazzling beauty is not so valuable in Africa as their strong backs. The one on the right is worth only three goats.

shape for the women and children when they arrived. I didn't row very far out into the desert before I discovered that the ship had run aground just where Mohammed at that moment had decided to hold a cute little sandstorm. It wasn't so good, though. I have tasted better sand in our own deserts, but don't think I ever ate so much of it. With the aid of rope, winches, God and half the population of Arabia, we finally got the boat back into the canal, gave the pilot a severe lecture, and went on.

Went back down to the stateroom and found that some coward had taken my life preserver. Was about to complain to the captain when I happened to remember that I had thrown it at the chief officer who tried to expostulate with me when I accidentally stepped on a woman as I was getting upstairs on my way to the life boat. Didn't go ashore at Suez or Port Tewfit, but could smell them nicely.

Next day, we were out in the Indian Ocean, electing a sport committee, and I found myself elected as starter, official collector of moneys, chief announcer, speaker of the house of representatives, and what not. Entered all the sports myself and came very near to winning all the prizes if it hadn't been for the other twenty-two contestants that beat the man that beat me.

Was official clerk—you must say it "clark"—and prosecutor at Neptune's party, which was a very nice and quiet little affair. Only one man broke three ribs, and another had his eye gouged out. One man lost a wisdom tooth, and a woman got kicked in the chest. Outside of these minor little details, a good time was had by all.

CHAPTER IV

AFRICA AND BUSTED

But one bright morning sometime after we left Hollywood, we sighted the African coast. There was a thin, white beach with the bush rising above it and, disappointment of disappointments, there was not an elephant in sight. Vainly I searched for a charging rhino or a roaring lion. Nothing of the kind happened. The only thing I could see moving was an Arab dhow.

The dhow is the hyena ship of the African coast trade. Its bowels are often stuffed with refuse and carrion left by the lions of the British India and the Dutch East African steamers. As evil-smelling as its crew is evil-looking, it slinks in and out of the harbors, carefully avoiding the bigger ships. The hyena's howl is substituted by a noisy symposium of petrol tin tom-tomming.

But because a leopard did not immediately jump aboard the ship and skin the cat on the taffrail—if ships have taffrails—I did not lose heart.

Over there lay Africa, the Dark Continent, dark in thought, deed and skin—the land of savagery and death. So I kept my glasses focused on the shore line, and by and by more objects came into view in the distance. Stationary objects, probably bones piled high from cannibal feasts. Nearer we drew. My eyes kept straining. The objects began to take shape. Slowly a cold fear touched me at the heart. Was it possible? No, it must be some awful fantastic dream.

Nearer we drew. Details of the objects themselves began to take form and shape. I became numb with terror and sick with disappointment. My God! There dotting the hillside, standing amid beautiful gardens and wireless aerials, were some Hollywood bungalows. The same sort, kind, class, genus and gender of houses that Beverly Hills real estate men had tried to sell me for one hundred fifty thousand dollars! I hid my eyes. I had come twelve thousand miles to savage Africa to see the posterior of civilization assume all the likes and proportions of civilization's brow and scalp lock. Something must be done and that immediately.

I gazed wildly about me and found a kind of sop to my inward feelings in the appearance of the African seagull. It was not the gliding, graceful variety of our own home brew, but a fast-winged, swooping, hawk-like bird that sank to the sea with the speed of light after a morsel of food and rose in the same motion, never lighting on the placid bosom of the Indian Ocean. Here was something more significant of Africa. With talon and beak like an eagle's, this predatory bird represented the spirit of the law of claw and fang.

We passed the mouth of Mombasa harbor, where old Fort Jesus stands, a fort that has been taken and retaken as many times as dry agents have been convicted in the United States, and came on to Kilidini, where huge concrete warehouses and great electric cranes shrieked and stunk of civilization.

And, alas, my proud but terrible African savages! There they were crowding the docks. A ragtag, bobtailed, lop-eared bunch of black ebony in dirty, ragged, short pants and safari shirts, shouting and squealing in Swahili gibberish, servilely and ingratiatingly lugging and toting for the white man, who now and again planted a boot very solidly against the savage's tail light or cuffed him alongside of the radiator cap. Savages? About as dangerous as a ribbon-counter jumper in an iron foundry. I wondered if it would be possible even to make them look like savages. I could not just classify their aroma, but knew instantly it was not attar of roses.

We were met by the advance guard of six men who had preceded the company to this wild outpost of civilization, expecting to find them bearded and browned by terrific experiences in jungle and in sun. In reality, they were very clean shaven, dressed in Palm Beach suits, with glaring white helmets, and looked as if they had been eating fatted calves for a month.

I did not intend to stand for this sort of thing much longer. I must have savagery, I must see blood, smell decaying flesh, and tread on bleaching bones. That's what the script called for, and that's what I was going to have.

There is a line in the page of my diary of May 1, 1929, which reads, "Their news is discouraging. Looks like it is going to be tough going." It was.

On reaching the hotel, I found at least one very primitive thing—the bed. Sometime in the past evidently a slab of rock had fallen out of the wall of the old fort. Somebody had stuck four legs under it, put a sheet over it, and put it in my room. In this same room I found my first African animal. I crushed him between my two thumb nails and gloried as the blood squirted.

Then I called a hasty conference with my staff, the steamship company's staff, the hotel staff, the governor's secretary, the police force, and the fire department. Very bluntly I told them without preamble that I must have savages and animals, and where in hell or Africa were they to be found?

Somebody whispered the magic word "Nairobi," that frontier town where white hunters would take me gently by the hand and lead me to anything I wanted in the way of game or savages. I seized at the thought. I had heard of Nairobi, that primitive African settlement where hunting expeditions were outfitted and sent into the wilds. Nairobi, where one had his last contact with civilization in Africa. Nairobi, where lions roared through the night and hyenas stalked the main thoroughfares.

So immediately I sprang to my feet and made a flying leap for that narrow-gauge railroad you have all heard so much about, which crawls painfully up into the huge African interior, knocking rhinos, elephants, lions and grasshoppers right and left off the right of way. If you have ever read any African literature, you must have read of this railroad. I was all impatience to reach the depot to behold it.

Another very bitter disappointment awaited me.

The train was there all right, and it was evidently a narrow gauge. It looked for all the world like the funny trains that had brought me across France and Italy. Very comfortable, electrically lighted, good dining-car service, and a bar. All it lacked was a station master singing a song about towns no one could understand, and a man-sized whistle on the locomotive.

We pulled out of Mombasa, crossing to the mainland on a fine concrete bridge and began to weave our way upward through cocoanut, mango and papaya groves. Vainly I searched this terrifying jungle for animals. The only one I saw was a native woman staggering along under a load of wood that would have broken the back of one of our own mountain canaries. Here was the African substitute for our desert donkey and army mule, only she could be purchased much cheaper.

A good, sound, healthy female, capable of packing along your entire household effects, your chair, and yourself, if you get tired, and raising a good healthy family in the meantime, may be purchased or exchanged for four good, active goats, or shillings to the equivalent of about ten dollars.

That night I slept much more comfortably than I did at the hotel, and the next morning we saw our first animals. Zebra stood out on the prairie like docile young colts, watching the train pass. Kongoni and wildebeest, grant and tommy capered about and kicked up their heels, all as harmless as a baby, without the slightest hint of savagery. Lion, rhino, buffalo—there were none, and I began really to believe they had long since become extinct.

And then right in the midst of what Theodore Roosevelt termed "natural zoological gardens," there flashed by my window electric wire lines, telephone lines, steel telegraph poles, then houses, more houses, round houses, railroad yards, tall buildings, and a very modern up-to-date depot. We had reached Nairobi, that little outpost town on the far edge of the African veldt land where primitive six-story buildings with facaded fronts reared themselves up out of the ground and mocked my heart hungry for the wilderness. Big stores where you could buy anything from a street car to a crochet needle. Golf courses, ice plants, frigidaires, hotels, clubs, polo grounds, tennis courts, night life, jazz orchestras, wine, women and song.

If a lion ever howled at night, it would be drowned by the noise of cabarets, and if a hyena ever stalked a side street, he would be instantly cut down by a charging automobile. And I had come to this little frontier place on the edge of civilization to try to find primitive, savage Africa.

We stopped at a hotel with a fine bar, billiard tables, lounging rooms, and servants all over the place. They got under foot, in your hair, and between your teeth.

Then one last hope assailed me and I clutched it as a drowning man clutches a straw. A white hunter yet remained. These hardy fellows from the wilds, who though perhaps primitive, uneducated, rough-talking, and probably dirty, yet would represent some of the savagery that I had come to find and perchance would lead me to more.

"A white hunter," I shrieked. "Bring me a white hunter instantly."

I didn't have to wait long until a gentleman in golf knickers, highly polished boots, socks and tie to match, silk-shirted, and with his hat at a jaunty angle, came forward to meet me. His first well-modulated, cultured English speech blasted my last hope. My God! Here was a white hunter. And when he looked at his wrist watch, I instinctively knew that I was delaying a golf match, a tennis set, or a rubber. The man was almost foppish, a dainty, clean-looking fellow—this white hunter, equally at home in a library or in the bush. Instinctively I disliked him. Nobody as mincingly nice, as coolly suave and daintily clean, could possibly answer the purpose of leading me to a charging rhino or a blood-drooling savage.

"Are you a white hunter?" I rasped.

He introduced himself as Major Dickinson. He looked at me brightly for a moment, smiled easily, and replied, "I hope that does not offend you. Sorry, old chap."

"Can you take me out in some wild part of Africa and bring me back again?" I snarled.

Very indifferently he affirmed that he could. Very indifferently he accepted my proposals, financial and otherwise. Very indifferently he conversed with me for a short time regarding the getting together of a safari, and then very indifferently he got up and left me.

My actors learned to climb trees and climb fast in Africa. These are real African elephants and a lot closer to the camera than I was.

All in all, five white hunters were at first secured, three to take care of our huge camp, two to be constantly with the company to protect us from danger, if they could find any danger to protect us from, although I really felt that the most useful weapon they would carry would possibly be a fly swatter.

Four or five of my party had left the studio a month in advance of myself and the main body of the company to find some locations, which they did, but I don't know yet just what the locations are for. At least, we didn't use many of them. So locations were still to be found. I took a little group of cameramen and a white hunter, and leaving the main body of my company to golf, tennis, dance, and party away the hours at Nairobi, I started out to tour Africa.

We again climbed aboard the narrow gauge and started for the wild and jungly interior. All that day and night, we ran along the equator, hopping back and forth across the line now and then as the track curved and twisted itself into a few knots for four or five hundred miles, and finally arrived at Jinja, on the shores of Lake Victoria, the second largest lake in the world, and also the head waters of the Victoria Nile. Jinja also has a golf course, but I was arriving a little nearer to my goal because now and then one can see "hippo" while playing golf.

The ferry which carried us across the narrow neck of the lake should be placed in the museum of unnatural history. It darts away from the pier like a crawfish. Getting into deep water, it stops, has a convulsion, tears itself inside out, and finally heads for the other shore, head on!

Upon landing, we got into an automobile—God save the word—and headed for Kampala, some fifty or sixty miles farther in. Surely, I thought, I must be getting somewhere into the wilderness. When we arrived, it was again to find a flourishing little city where one could sit on the front porch of a first-class hotel and watch the golfers directly across the road.

There was one novelty which we encountered, however, which was merely a prelude to what we got plenty of later on—that was the water scarcity. You were allowed four gallons a day with which to bathe. We had been drinking boiled water for some time, and now we started on quinine, ten grains a day.

Before leaving Nairobi, we had engaged the services of a doctor for the company, who was to go with us and be on hand every moment of the time. By way of addenda to his profession, the doctor pulled teeth or jiggers, shooed natives, and wrote articles for the local newspaper in Nairobi. As a news correspondent, he was a very fine physician.

One of the first orders he gave the entire company was that they were to drink no alcoholic beverages while in Africa. Outside of that, we did pretty much as the doctor told us. It was rather a strange order to begin with, for Africa, where the drinking of alcoholic beverages is not only an amusement, but a condition, a custom, a habit, and part and parcel of the social, economical, and political diaphram.

I have always hated an Englishman on account of his capacity. But, thank God, in Africa I found

Englishmen who did not have as huge a capacity as their brethren of the home country. As a matter of fact, they had no capacity at all. I don't think they had even heard of the word. All space was their liquid hunting ground and the infinite their only reservoir. Come to think of it, that is a happy word. While the English-Africans lacked capacities, all of them, without exception, had reservoirs.

One of the national institutions of Africa is called the "sun-downer." A "sun-downer" consists of any kind of drink as long as it is alcohol, and is supposed to be daintily quaffed as the sun dips below the horizon. But just like those greedy, grasping conquerors of empires, the English are not satisfied with "sun-downers" alone.

Before I had been in Africa very long, I discovered that a "sun-downer" was only a prelude to a "moon-upper." Then throwing caution to the winds, they proceeded with "full-mooners." I got daring and originated a "moon-downer," but giving me no credit whatever, they immediately began drinking "sun-uppers." By that time, I never cared what happened anyway.

But to get back to the "Doc," he was good—I'll have to hand him that. Outside of a few minor cases of fever, sunstroke, dysentery, sleeping-sickness, smallpox, the plague, cramps, and corns, the company got through all right.

He had served long years in the Indian Army. He had been in Africa for a number of years, and certainly knew how to handle the philandering blacks. Of course a large proportion of our camp boys were sick all the time. On many occasions, I have seen one of them drag his weary way out of his tent, go to the doctor's tent, stand patiently while "Doc" slipped a thermometer into his mouth, and then immediately after the doctor would take it out, he would walk away cured. He thought that thermometer was the white man's medicine and witchcraft. And in many instances it was just as potent as any drug could possibly have been. All the blacks love medicine. They will eat pills by the handful, whether or not they need them. If you wanted them to take one pill before each meal, you would have to give them that pill at that time, and not several for them to use their own judgment with. Their philosophy is that if one pill helps you, ten must help you just ten times as much, and down they go!

Once in a while the mail would bring a paper from Nairobi with one of the doctor's articles in it. At that time everything ceased until the article was read aloud in camp and volubly praised and lauded. Either this, or you took a compound cathartic before retiring.

According to my diary of May 8: "At last discovered route that looks promising." We spent two days poring over maps with officials and natives, marking our objectives, laying a course so that they could be reached in the shortest time over routes that were practical for our equipment, laying out a time schedule, and otherwise mapping out a campaign much in the manner of any punitive expedition.

Twenty-five or thirty miles south of Kampala is the town of Entebbe, the seat of government of the Uganda Protectorate. As a matter of respect, I went to call on the Governor, who lives in a beautiful mansion on the shores of Lake Victoria in the heart of town and overlooking one of the finest golf courses I have yet seen in Africa. The Governor was out welcoming some officials of slightly higher rank. His assistant was playing a rubber. His assistant's assistant was having tea. His assistant's assistant's assistant kept me waiting forty-five minutes, before he showed up, and then he didn't show up. I left broken-hearted, with my life wrecked and ruined, without seeing anyone!

I did, however, take one slant at the town's pet, an eighteen-foot crocodile, who will come when you ring a bell or whistle or call—sometimes—and permit you to feed him fish meat, a town dog, or on more festive occasions, a native. As I say, I took one slant, and then I sloped.

Here I was, some five hundred miles farther in on the inside of Africa and the only locations I had found were barrooms. The wildest animals I had come in contact with were already in my clothes and in my hair.

But somewhere back in the dark ages, I had a Dutch ancestor, and shouting a battle cry of freedom, we hit the trail again, this time by automobile, a beautiful new Packard. American cars are very popular all over Africa. For comfort, the Buick predominates, then the Chevie, and of course, Mr. Ford is largely represented. I will see that a copy of this book is sent to all these firms with the hope that it nets me something. Probably garage bills.

Some ninety or hundred miles east of Misindi, we came to the town of Butiaba on the shores of Lake Albert. There I met a crusty old Britisher by the name of Buckler—Commander Buckler, if you please—Assistant Superintendent of the Marine. With a Sunday smile and my best manners, I told him I would like to charter one of his boats and leave about one or two o'clock. It was ten A. M.

Commander Buckler looked at me as if I were merely a variation of some insect species, smiled pleasantly, too pleasantly, and then began to talk. As he began to talk, I began to get smaller and smaller. He had met many Americans—Americans who thought the rest of the world was merely an annex to the good old United States, and the rest of humanity a mere attache. Mr. Buckler—pardon me, Commander Buckler—resented the breed, the imputation, the manner, and sight of Americans.

He started in so pleasantly by saying, "Young man, this part of Africa is a protectorate of Great Britain, a nation almost as important as America. Great Britain has a King. On this lake, I have three boats that are contracted to carry the King's mail, and if one of them fails in that contract, the King gets quite stuffy, you know. Or perhaps you could persuade His Majesty that yourself and your business are of far greater importance. In that event, of course, I can possibly let you have a boat in a week or two, and it will cost you money."

Now I ask you: How would you answer something like that? Nothing would have given me greater pleasure at that moment than to have punched him right in the nose and gone to some African "hoose-gow" for the rest of my life.

Fortunately, I had Dickinson with me, who is not only a great hunter, but one of the most diplomatic individuals I had ever met. As he was English, he was not so objectionable to Buckler—pardon me, Commander Buckler. Easily he led Buckler into conversation. By degrees, I edged in, always very softly and haltingly, gazing at "Buck"—Commander Buckler—with wide, adoring eyes. I laughed at his stories, every one of them, exhibited a keen interest in his mail contracts, the efficient manner in which he handled this huge marine base and navy of two river boats and one cross between a launch and a canoe.

Somehow or other, I dug out a bottle. Four hours later, we were out on the lake with our own chartered steamer, and Commander Buckler himself was along as a pilot. Half an hour later, I was calling him just plain, common Buckler. An hour later, he was in no condition to pilot a canoe and I was affectionately calling him "Buck."

And let me add right now from that moment on, he was worth his weight in gold to our organization. His transportation service never failed us and was always a little ahead of time. He himself turned out to be a great scout. His crust and sarcasm was only a shell-like substance on his exterior, and was easily rubbed away.

CHAPTER V

CIVILIZATION BEGINS TO FADE

In Butiaba, I had the feeling that I was at last getting out of civilization. Crocodiles were lying along the shore, watching the natives work and play beside the stream. The night previous, a leopard had stolen a dog and we learned later that the day after we left, a buffalo killed a native about a mile from the boat landing.

On a good African map—since there is no such thing as a good African map, it doesn't matter—you will find a dot on the left bank of the Victoria Nile directly at its head waters where it takes off from Lake Albert. This dot is named Panyamur, which doesn't mean anything except that the steamboat stops there to take on wood. There is no town or settlement of any nature. Natives live up and down the bank for miles, and every once in a while assemble here to cut wood and pile it.

This was our first stop, and incidentally our first night of safari camp. It was not necessary to pitch the tents as some straw huts were already there. They already contained far more vermin and other bugs than we could possibly have accumulated in our tents in the short length of time that we had had them.

The pleasant surprise was the quality of the food which the black boys in Africa could cook. The word "boys" doesn't necessarily mean

What they look like when they're coming. It is moments like this when the elephant gun shrinks to about the size of a cap pistol, and you long for nothing quite so much as a tank. Probably one of the greatest thrills in Africa is to be in the tall grass with one of these fellows and have him slightly disconcerted.

"youths." Every black in Africa is called a boy. He may be six or sixty—he is still a boy. The food was good and there was plenty of it. With a five-gallon coal oil tin and a few glowing coals in the campfire, the boys made far better bread than most of our American bakeries.

What appetites that gang of mine had! It was like shoveling it into the hold of a ship. Their capacities were enormous! And as quickly as we found out what kind of food we should and should not eat in any given locality, then we proceeded to eat everything and anything we wanted.

The camp was run like a hotel. In the morning at five o'clock, a boy would show up with tea while you dressed. For breakfast, there would be mush or rice and all the canned milk you could consume, always ham or bacon, sometimes even eggs. We had canned butter that, as far as I could taste, was very little different from any good butter you buy at the corner grocery. The coffee was always much better than you could get anywhere in France. Then there were always canned fruits, jams, and jellies.

At lunch, we would always have meat—boiled, fried, or baked. Usually we would shoot our own game for meat, but when in a spot where the natives had goats or cattle, we always bought it. We were rarely out of fresh vegetables, and when we were, the canned ones sufficed very well. There was usually fruit and plenty of it.

For dinner there would often be two kinds of meat. Beans were usually in evidence, curry was a very common thing, and again the canned fruits, jams, and jellies. It is a fact that in the tropics one will go in for canned fruits, jams, and jellies much more than he would think of doing at home.

When we were out in the bush during the day, a fine lunch always accompanied us. Once in a while the water would get scarce, and by the time we reached camp again, we would dive head first into the first bucketful we could find. Canned tongue, hams, and liverwurst had usually been very much in evidence on these occasions.

As a matter of fact, about the only things that we didn't eat were the ants and the locusts. The white ant, when it grows wings, becomes quite a delicacy for the natives. It has a big, fat, juicy body, not a great deal unlike the locust body. These when fried in butter are quite palatable, they tell me. I didn't go in for them very strong myself. But the natives set traps over the ant hills, catching them literally by the millions and eating them by the handfuls, wings and all. When running into a locust swarm, the natives will jump from the cars and run around like monkeys catching these dainty, tasty morsels.

But, of course, Africa is full of guinea fowl, big and small bustard, and a little fowl about the size of a small pheasant called the spur fowl. All these birds are delicious and make many a plain and fancy dinner for the jackal, the leopard, the genet, the civet, and all the smaller members of the cat family. Their eggs make many a nice omelette for the black mamba and the puff adder. We got a fresh ostrich egg one day and had to get an anvil and sledge hammer to crack it open. It tasted a great deal like turkey eggs, and was enough for a lumber camp. But I must get back to Panyamur.

As this was practically my first night in the African jungle, I was doubly happy because I felt that at last I was getting into savage Africa. The natives were naked, the women as unconcerned and unashamed as a newly born babe, with fine, graceful carriage and magnificent figures. They were great to look at as long as you didn't look at their faces. In all my experience among natives of four or five different races, I have yet to find a beautiful, full-blooded aborigine. Wherever I have found beauty, I have found the breed, but I will have to admit that in cases wherever white blood is found in a family of savages, one is very likely to find a weirdly beautiful and fascinating woman.

To see human beings run around naked was at first a shock. By and by, we became so accustomed to the sight that no more was thought of it than seeing a naked cow or horse in a field. The natives look about as ridiculous dressed in the habiliments of civilization as the cow or horse would look.

When we first brought the ladies of our company up to this spot, we were continually turning their attention to some part of the landscape or terrain other than that upon which some group of natives was at that moment standing. After that, if we saw a native with a pretty large leaf or bead necklace upon his or her person, we always called attention to the fact.

This evening, for the first time, I took my gun in hand and very cleverly missed several buck back in the bush, and was very severely bitten by tsetse fly for my pains. I was shooting a very fine American-made gun that kicked like a mule. Before I had shot away much ammunition, it was kicking so hard that it eventually broke the stock of the gun. Then I bought an English-made gun and learned for the first time, after having used firearms for years, just how a gun should look and act. I will go on record at any time as saying that England and Germany can give us cards and spades and little casino in gun manufacturing, and then make us look like amateurs!

And you need good guns in Africa. They are a part of your stock in trade. They are a part of your business, even a part of your clothing. By day they are in your hand; by night they are by your bed. And front sights are just as jealously guarded as your box of quinine.

All African game is hard to kill, having a tremendous vitality. And ammunition is rather heavy to carry. Consequently none is to be wasted by bad shooting. And bad shooting is likely to get you into a lot of trouble.

I have been asked, "Where do you shoot the animals?" Usually in the shoulders, and not too low. If you are close enough, of course the brain shot is always desirable, right into their ears. That drops them instantly. And if they're coming, just throw it in right in under their noses and start praying.

I shall always remember that first night in Panyamur—heard my first hyena. That evening, while sitting around the campfire, I learned that we were directly across from the mouth of the Victoria Nile, but that we could not go up without a permit from the Governor, as it was a tsetse-fly, sleeping-sickness area, one of the worst in Africa, and had been for some few years. Turning to Buck—we had become pretty friendly by this time and I was calling him Buck—I asked him, in case we did go up, who would know besides ourselves? And we wouldn't tell! He agreed with me heartily, and we had another drink!

Oh, yes, we were well supplied with liquor. No matter how far you go into the farthest regions of the veldt land or jungle, somewhere you will find an Indian Dukor Store. On his shelves you will probably find a bolt of cloth, a sack of salt, a hunting knife, and a can of Del Monte peaches, and alongside of them, you will find the most gorgeous supply of liquors that you could hope for—wines, champagnes, cordials, liqueurs, whiskeys, gins, and two or three kinds of beer.

The next morning on the shore of the lake and river we laid out plans for the building of just this kind of store along with two or three huts. This was to be one of my future locations. Then we all got aboard our little boat and were off up the Victoria Nile—our destination, Murchison Falls.

I needed waterfalls in my picture for location, and from its description, decided that Murchison was the very falls I needed. I was a little discouraged when told that in all probability I would be unable to get permission to take my company up into this dangerous area. Accordingly, my cameraman, Clyde DeVinna, radioed my business manager, George Kann, who was then with the rest of the company in Nairobi, to get this permission from the Governor of Uganda when he and the company arrived in Kampala.

Oh, yes, we had a radio outfit with us. From Africa, we talked to four other continents, frequently getting New York, Chicago, and as far west as Denver. We even listened to the Pennsylvania-Syracuse football game broadcast over the short-wave station in Philadelphia.

But it was impossible to get west of the Rocky Mountains. They seemed to form a barrier that stopped our broadcast, although we frequently heard one of the Atlantic coast stations. We couldn't even get around the other way and across the Pacific, and there was only about fifteen or twenty minutes in the evening and thirty-five to forty minutes in the morning when it was dark enough on either one side or the other side of the globe to get through to America at all.

While we were encamped in the Murchison Falls area, an elderly couple by the name of de Gernahl accompanied the Governor of Uganda up to our camp while he was on a tour of inspection. This charming old couple had a son who was at that time with Byrd at the South Pole, and they had not heard from him directly for over a year. Our outfit got in touch with the Byrd outfit, and mother, father and son sent messages back and forth, the first in more than a year. I have never seen more happy people.

The Victoria Nile branches out like a delta at its mouth, with its navigable channels changing every year or so, with its miles and miles of papyrus grass full of weirdly shaped and colored birds. We had gone some distance up stream before we saw our first "croc" and "hippo." Wild with excitement, the cameramen cut loose at long distance with long focal lenses. An hour or so later, hippo and croc had become so common and were in such enormous herds that little or no attention was paid to them, and the cameras stood idle. We were admiring the foliage and watching the monkeys scampering through the treetops and along the banks.

About three miles below, where we eventually made camp, we came upon a herd of some seventy-five elephants. They were a beautiful sight! Winding us, they quickly moved off en masse. We saw two or three other elephants before reaching Murchison Falls, and the hippo and croc were becoming so thick that I wondered how we escaped hitting them with the boat.

At this point, let me say a little something about my experiences with hippo. Before going to Africa, I was told that they were huge wild hogs, as harmless as lambs. My experience proved conclusively that they are harmless only when they are afraid of you. The only thing that will keep them from attacking and stamping you into the mud at the bottom of the river is the size of your boat. In the water they are mean and terribly vicious, but comparatively harmless on land unless you get between them and the water. I would no sooner think of riding up the Victoria Nile in a canoe than I would think of stepping out of an airplane without a parachute.

While we were encamped at this spot, a party of about six people from America, including women, came down to Africa and were going to make a record by crossing Africa without a gun, shooting the big game of the country with cameras only.

The first things they ran up against were hippo. They had not been shooting very long before one old bull charged out of the water, seized one of their native camp boys in his mouth, took him to the edge of the pond, and stamped him into Africa. So thoroughly did that hippo do a tap dance on the poor boy's chest that it was impossible to tell where the safari shirt left off, and flesh and blood began.

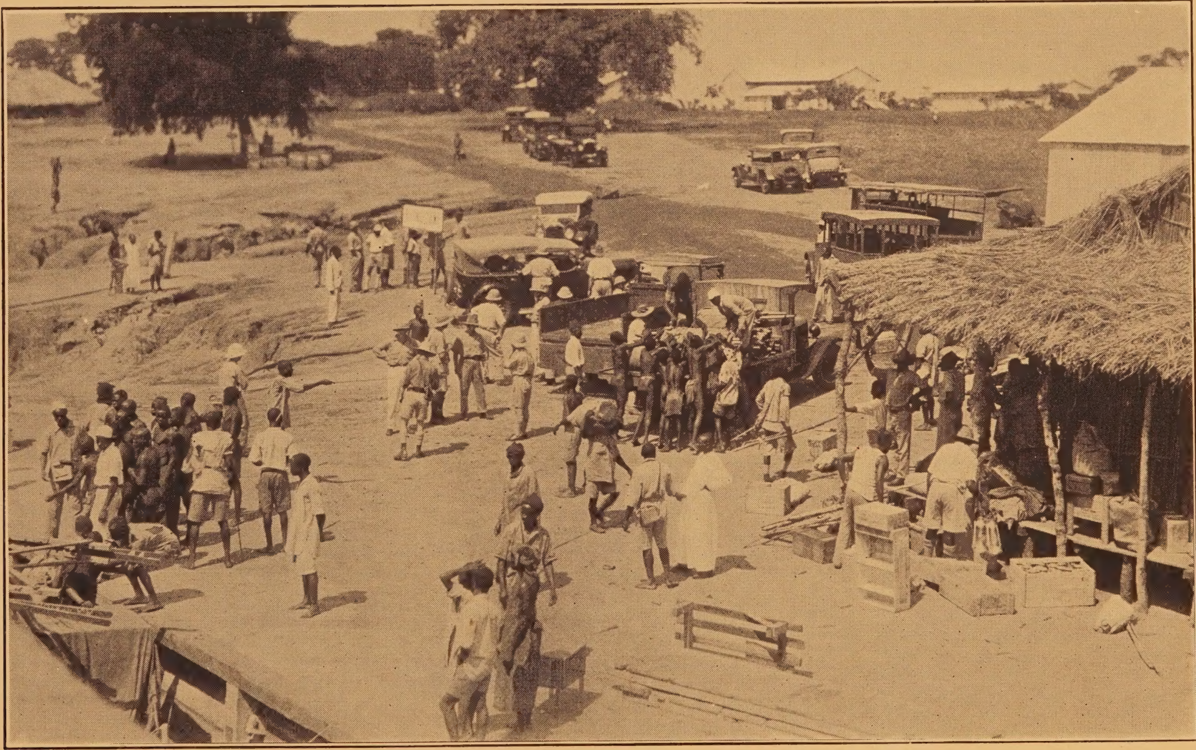
It was such a horrifying spectacle and these people were so helpless to do anything that the ladies of the party gave up the rest of the trip and they all went home. So much for these harmless, wild hogs.

Crocodiles are dangerous in the water at any time, and at night they are dangerous along the shores. But I will get to our battles with the crocs later on.

We landed at a place two miles below Murchison Falls, the head of navigation of the Victoria Nile.

On a good African map there is a dot named Fajoa. It is a town in name only. There is not a human being or habitation of any kind for miles around.

Murchison Falls is one of the most magnificent



Unloading from a river boat and reloading to trucks at Rhino Camp, on the shores of the White Nile. From here we went into the Congo. The clothing most of the natives wore in this district would have made Eve looked dressed up!

and awe-inspiring semi-falls and semi-cataracts in the world. The entire waters of the Victoria Nile plunge into a gap of solid rock fifteen feet wide and drop two hundred feet to its second level.

The falls were admirably suited to my purposes. All I had to do was to convince the Governor of Uganda that it was perfectly safe for me to bring thirty-five whites and one hundred ninety-two blacks up to this spot which was considered the most dangerous sleeping-sickness area in Africa, and to assure the Governor that we would all get by without danger to ourselves or the surrounding community.

At this time I did not go up to the foot of the falls, as I was in a hurry to get back to Panyamur before dark. I had not the slightest intention of camping on a river as teeming with croc and hippo as this one.

We left Panyamur at dawn the next morning and pulled into Rhino Camp late the following evening. Rhino Camp obtained its name from the fact that it is the feeding ground of a rather large herd of white rhinos that are thoroughly protected from slaughter by the government.

The white rhino's name probably originated from the fact that it is anything but white. I was told that a man by the name of White had discovered the animal and named it after himself, although it is as black as the other rhino. The only difference between the white and the black rhino is the fact that the white rhinos apparently are not so vicious, have a squarer head, and a much longer, narrower set of horns.

Wonder how many people know that the rhino horn is not of bone structure? It is formed of congealed hair, as hard as ivory, and is not attached to the bone of the skull in any way but grows out of the skin. It is worth more money than ivory and is used for the medicinal preparation of Spanish Fly.

Rhino Camp is a little place, only a steamboat landing from which one starts for the Belgian Congo, or as they call it, Congo Belge.

It was in Rhino Camp that I shot my first African game, a nice, big specimen of hartebeest. This animal was shot eleven times before it was brought to earth, and even then its head was up and it looked at us very calmly while we walked up and threw a bullet into its brain. It was also here that my good American rifle petered out on me, kicking so hard it broke its own stock and mangled my shoulder.

Rhino Camp was admirably suited for the second river-town sequence in the picture, and plans were laid for the building of a more pretentious store here than the one at Panyamur. These details accomplished, we unloaded the seven cars that one of the larger river boats had brought up on a scow, and began high-tailing it for the Belgian Congo.

Nearly one hundred miles west is the last British town called Arua. There are six white men living in this district. These six men are never all in town at the same time, but they have the sweetest golf course I have played over—terraced greens, if you please, in the very heart of

Africa on the border of the Belgian Congo. Wherever you find two Englishmen living together, you will find a golf course. It may consist of only two holes and they will play back and forth all day, but those two holes will be of a sporty nature and make good golf.

We stopped here long enough to have our passports vised. Sixteen miles farther on, we crossed the border and arrived at the Belgian town of Aru, where there is the most important office in the world and two of the most important officials! The custom house and the two custom officials. If custom officials of New York harbor were as strict and as important as the custom officials at the town of Aru, one couldn't get a canoe with a cargo consisting of a hand bag out of New York harbor in a month. Here our wireless outfit was sealed, and we were out of communication with the rest of my company. This gave rise later on to a wild tale in the newspapers that we were lost somewhere in the Belgian Congo, because they did not hear from us for several days.

For the next few days, we autoed and tramped all over the Congo, stopping about one hundred ninety miles west of Faraje at a farm where the Belgian government has for forty years been trying to train African elephants, and doing a pretty good job of it. They have some twenty-odd elephants and kill only about sixty-five natives annually now. In these forty years, they have actually trained two or three elephants to haul a twenty-pound log over some level ground, providing that forty natives walk along on either side of them, singing to them every minute!

It was in this district we ran across the largest wild elephant that we saw in Africa. His tusks must have been from nine to twelve feet in length, and he showed well above the eight or nine foot grass which we were traveling through at that moment. We had our guns and were willing, but we had no license to shoot elephant at that time.

An elephant license costs two hundred and fifty dollars for each elephant, and it is suicide to try to poach in Africa. The minute a shot is fired, the natives collect to try to get in on the meat, and the government always tips them a shilling or two for informing on a poacher, that is, a man shooting without a license.

On account of their feeding, the elephant of the Belgian Congo does not have as good ivory as the animals farther east in the British territory. The tusks are not so large around and are of a yellower composition. In fact good ivory of any kind is rather scarce nowadays. It has been pretty well shot off.

The only hunters that buy licenses for these animals now are the hunters who are there for the sport of it and not for the profit. If one of the oldtime hunters comes across a good specimen, he will shoot and break its leg. An elephant can't or won't travel on three legs. He will lie down and stay there. Then the hunter will go in and buy a license and come back. If the animal has not been found or disturbed, he will kill him and collect on the ivory.

From this elephant farm we tore south to a few miles below Beni, where we located pygmies to be used later on in the picture, and still farther south to the Luberi district and the Mountains of the Moon for my cliff sequences. Looking south on the right is the huge Ituri Forest covering an area as large as several of our states—dank, dark, mysterious.

On the left towering to an elevation of sixteen thousand feet and culminating in a peak is Margherita. These mountains are one of the most beautiful sights in Africa, covered with elephant grass, huge bamboo forests, verdure and foliage of every kind imaginable. Fantastic, mysterious, the Mountains of the Moon still represent unexplored Africa. While the top of Margherita has been reached by man, very little of the mountains have been actually or definitely explored. It is here that Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain" and "Umslopogaas" met their doom, and that "She" and "Ayestha" were born and lived. It is from here the natives still believe their sires and gods came, and if you look long at the Mountains of the Moon, you will believe so too.

There is some mystic quality about these mountains that gets you and holds you. Here the gorilla, the elephant, the hippo, and with the exception of rhino, every kind of African game life may be found, either higher on the slopes or lower on its tablelands. The Mountains of the Moon are Africa's one remaining area of fable and romance.

From my diary of May 19: "Kept going into night till elephants got too numerous along road. Camped in clearing and woke up surrounded by diseased natives." We had kept pushing on south till long after dark. We came across a small clearing in the forest at the side of the road where there was a native hut or two, and by lantern light proceeded to bed down. When the first rays of daylight struck, we found at least a hundred and fifty natives in and around camp, and all of them had every disease to be found in Africa. Native doctors, paid by the Belgian government, arrived about an hour later and began to treat them. It was then we learned that we had bedded down over night in a native pest camp in the Congo.

Then we beat it back to Kisinyi on the southwestern end of Lake Albert. Through the government radio station at Beni, I had wired for Buckler to have a boat ready for me at Kisinyi on Tuesday morning. Also, I had wired my manager to move the entire company to Kampala immediately. Arriving at Kisinyi, I found that Buckler's boat had arrived there Monday and was waiting for us. How's that for service?

It takes some little time to cross the lake, and that night a storm arose, causing us to stop somewhere in the middle of the lake, throw out an anchor, and let the waves wash over us the rest of the night. Fortunately the water was warm, but I couldn't sleep with my mouth full of it!

Arriving at Butiaba, I radioed my business manager, George Kann, to move the entire company and equipment north as far as Misindi, to bed down there on Wednesday night so we would be able to make Butiaba and leave by boat for Panyamur on Thursday morning.

Received an answer, "Impossible to move

company and equipment to Misindi for Wednesday night. Will be there Thursday night."

I wired back, "Move company and entire equipment to Misindi to bed down there Wednesday night ready to leave Butiaba Thursday morning."

Received back wire, "Impossible to have all equipment at Misindi for Wednesday night. Will get as many of company there as possible."

I wired back, "Move company and entire equipment to Misindi to bed down there Wednesday night."

Then I jumped into an automobile and went to Misindi to wait for them. They began arriving at four o'clock in the afternoon and kept arriving till four o'clock the next morning.

About eleven o'clock, I received a 'phone call that the generator truck would not be ready to leave until Thursday afternoon because of repairs. I wired back, "To hell with repairs. Have the generator at Misindi Wednesday night." The truck arrived there six o'clock Thursday morning, stopped half an hour so that the driver could have breakfast, then continued on to Butiaba.

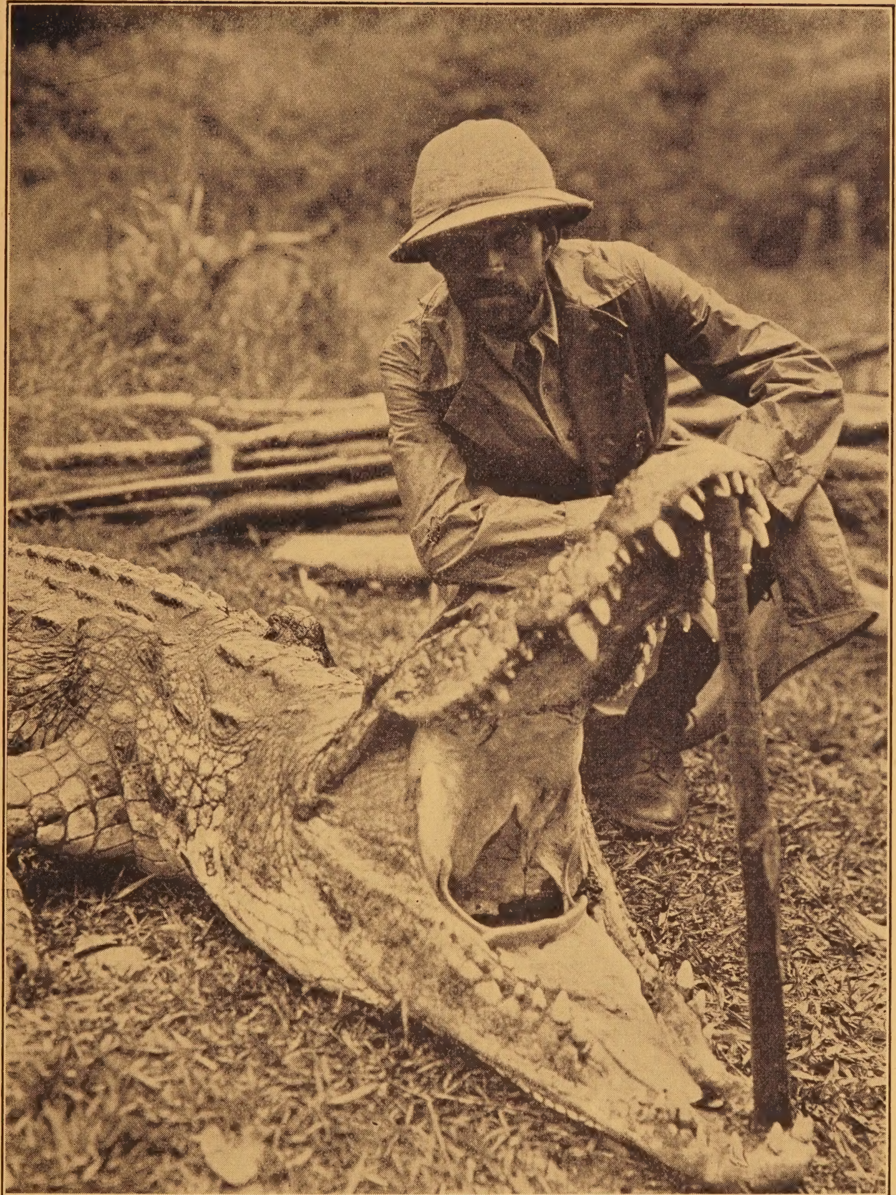
The entire company and entire equipment left Butiaba Thursday morning for Panyamur. This was the last time in Africa I was told that a thing could not be done. I had heard so much of it all along the way that I had become tired of it.

By this time, we had seen every known size, color, and variety of bug—and then more bugs. Africa is the bug's paradise. I have walked on them and sat on them and lain on them. I have eaten them and rubbed them on me, and they have visited on every spot of my anatomy. They have not only been my bosom companions, but they have been companions of every spot of my diaphram.

Before I came to Africa, a certain hidden fear worked on my mind that I might be eaten by wild animals. That fear is only a memory. I am now certain that the bugs are going to beat the animals to it, and after looking at this country from several angles, by and as a whole, I am still convinced that I like Hollywood. And now, having traveled and seen a lot of it, I ask you, what about it, and who cares?

Arriving at Panyamur, we began shooting scenes and had a taste of the hell and high water we were to catch all the way along the route. Carting a movie troupe around Africa may have its romantic side, but I'll be damned if I am going around on that side of it to find out.

The first little interesting item we learned was in regard to African timber. Having spent a good deal of my time in the logging business, I naturally expected logs to float. After ordering about twenty of them, forty feet long and about three feet in diameter, hauling them by truck for eighty miles, carrying them by boat for a hundred miles, then throwing them overboard and having them sink gently to the bottom of the lake when I had brought them all this way to make a raft of them —well, it was slightly disconcerting, and I learned about logs from them!



Nice, pearly, white teeth that need very little cleaning by the birds, but the nest of leeches, which you can see in the lower jaw, often affords a hearty repast for the plover.

Having kissed my logs a fond goodbye, I decided to make the raft out of canoes and ordered several native canoes which I was assured would be on hand early in the morning. Surely enough, one of them was there. Three or four others drifted in a week later. Small matter—there is lots of time in Africa.

Finally we got a set built and started shooting in earnest. The natives are not so hard to work with as I had expected. They are willing enough, and if I can cut down the number of bosses to three or four hundred, they will get along all right. They are not quite sure yet whether we are crazy or not.

It is in moving that they set me mad. In comparison with them, the proverbial speed of the tortoise is greased lightning. Did you ever watch a century plant grow? Then you have the patience to watch these natives. No matter how light the task, never do it yourself if you can get someone to help you. And then the two of them must not do it if they can get the whole crowd to help. It takes six men to carry my toothbrush effectively. And then all labor must be accompanied with the weirdest singing I have ever heard, except over the radio. They must sing if they pull or if they push, if they carry or if they haul.

A page from my diary here shows that Africa was getting in its deadly work.

May 23: "My illness reaches crisis."

May 24: "Feeling worse tonight."

May 25: "Felt terribly all day. Worst ever."

May 26: "Feeling a little better. Eddie Cornwall sent to bed."

May 27: "Used Renaldo first time today. Panning out O. K. Had bad sores on face. Eddie better."

May 30: "Miss Chippo knocked out with sun. Also has slight touch of fever."

June 1: "Not feeling so hot again myself."

Finally I had all the scenes on this location and was ready to move to Murchison Falls when I received the following wire from my business manager: "Permission to enter Murchison Falls area definitely refused by Governor account danger sleeping-sickness."

I hopped on our boat, beat it back to Butiaba through Kisinyi down through Kampala and charged Entebbe. This time I was fortunate enough to get to the Governor, who at first would not listen to me. Four sun-downers later, he grudgingly consented to send Doctor Carpenter, the government physician, on a tour of investigation. We would have to be governed by his report, yes or no. There was nothing to do but to wait while Doctor Carpenter scampered around Murchison Falls taking scientific tests of tsetse flies and what not.

Finally the government boat came back to Panyamur. We hoisted flags, had a swell meal and several bottles of Scotch ready for Doc Carpenter. I knew it was useless to offer him money. If there is one man on earth that it is impossible to bribe, it is a British colonial official, and I have had lots of fun bribing many people.

However, all my preparations to greet the Doctor like a conquering hero fell flat. He came to the point immediately. As nearly as I can remember, these are his exact words:

"Van Dyke, if you want to take your company up to Murchison Falls, you may do so. None of your people live in this colony, and on your return, you must get out of this colony so that if you have contracted the disease, you cannot spread it. What blacks you brought up from the Kenya and Tanganyika territories, you may take along also, but I will not permit one man, woman, child, or animal to go up into that district from this colony."

And that was all there was to it. Quite a joyful prospect. You couldn't suppose that anyone would be damn fool enough to go up into such a place after such a warning, would you? It gave me a pause, whether or not to risk the health and possibly the lives of two hundred and twenty-seven people, all for the sake of a few cockeyed scenes in a silly moving picture. It was a problem.

Yet there were the hippos, there were the crocs, and there were the falls, and in no other place in Africa were there so many hippos and crocs nor such beautiful falls. There was no one to whom I could turn for advice. The responsibility must rest squarely on my shoulders. Maybe it was the heat.

I had already had a fairly rotten case of malaria, but anyway, perfectly insane, I decided to go, explained the circumstances to the people, and they decided to go with me. Everyone had gone crazy since getting down here. Some of my people were already sick with malaria also, not an altogether pleasant experience, but quite the rage in Africa, and very popular. Everyone must have it sometime, or one feels quite de trop. But even those who were sick decided they should not be left behind. So up the Victoria Nile went the entire organization, hotfooting it as joyously as you please, as if going on a picnic, into an area of sleeping-sickness and death!

When I gave the order that we would leave in the morning, have the entire camp struck and down at the water's edge not later than eight o'clock, the white hunters asked me why all the camp should be down there at that time. They said it would be impossible to get all of the huge organization on board with what transportation we had at the time. We had a small river boat not much larger than a liner's life boat, a small barge, a small steel-lined rowboat, and four long canoes. I gave my navy one look and also decided it would be impossible. I told my staff it was impossible, but expected them to do it.

Next morning before daylight, a long line of natives were started from my camp, a mile back from the water's edge, with load after load on their heads. My staff was on hand when they arrived, and bit by bit the cargo was poked into holes here and spaces there. The small scow was tied to the rear of the river boat, the rowboat tied to the rear of the scow, the canoes tied to the rear of the rowboat, every boat loaded to the gunnel, and by ten thirty, we were on our way with every ounce of equipment and every man jack of the outfit. The white hunters said nothing.

They were beginning to agree with the natives that we were crazy, and the less said about it the better.

CHAPTER VI

AFRICA—SAVAGE AT LAST

The trip up to the Victoria Nile from Lake Albert is probably one of the most interesting in the world. Game literally teems on either bank and in the water. Crocs are beyond numbering. Hippopotami are legion. Birds of all shapes and sizes with plumage rivaling the rainbow are always within sight. Fish are jumping everywhere, and the flies keep you from becoming bored. Along the shores, bush buck and water buck are always within sight, with now and then a few Cape buffalo thrown in for good measure.

The first decent batch of crocs we saw, we turned loose every camera in the outfit, using many different kinds and lengths of lenses. The first hippo to show his nose above water caused a furor. An hour later, they had become so thick that we grew weary looking at them, and preferred to watch the Calobus monkeys racing along the branches of the trees at the river's edge. A herd of about fifteen or twenty elephants—bulls, cows, and totos, the African word for babies—aroused a casual interest. One old rhino, high-tailing it up the bank and into the bush, caused a comment or two. It was almost a repetition of our first trip.

By six o'clock that night, we were encamped a mile or so below Murchison Falls at the spot called Fajoa, and knew at last that we were in Africa. Yessiree! One does not have to camp on the banks of the Victoria Nile over twenty-four hours to find it out.

In the first place, this beautiful river is so thick and muddy that I have ceased using ink and just dip my pen in the water. Each bank is lined with thick weird undergrowth where the tsetse fly gambols and plays and propagates—and how!

Once in a while you hit a nice stretch of sandy beach. At least I think it is sand. All that I have seen so far has been so thick with crocs from eighteen to thirty feet in length and lying two and three deep, that it has been hard to see just what the terra firma is composed of. The croc seems to have a mouth that runs half the length of his body and is full of nice pearly teeth that would be the envy of any buzz saw. There are literally tens of thousands of them, all nice and fat and in a good healthy condition. How in the name of God all of them find sustenance is one of the secrets of Africa! However, I have no objection to them as long as they keep their distance, which they show promise of doing, as none of them have actually entered my tent. Maybe they are just patient.

But I do object to hippos coughing and hawking and spitting in my face at night. They also have a vile disagreeable breath. They seem to take a keen delight in lining up in front of the tents all night and seeing just how long they can keep us awake. If we were not on a game preserve, I would shoot four hundred of them out of my front yard every night. They are getting very impudent and pay no attention to lanterns and spot lights.

The elephants are much more polite. They have confined their activities to the other side of the river, so far. There is a scarcity of lion, leopard, and game in these parts, as the tsetse are thick enough to kill them off. By the way, the tsetse has a damn hard sting. Three or four of them have stood on their heads on various parts of my anatomy and I have been acutely conscious of the fact. However, it is said that the sleeping-sickness resulting from their bite sometimes does not get you until nine or ten years afterwards. So I may squeak through the next few months.

My diary of the company's health for this week has fewer entries.

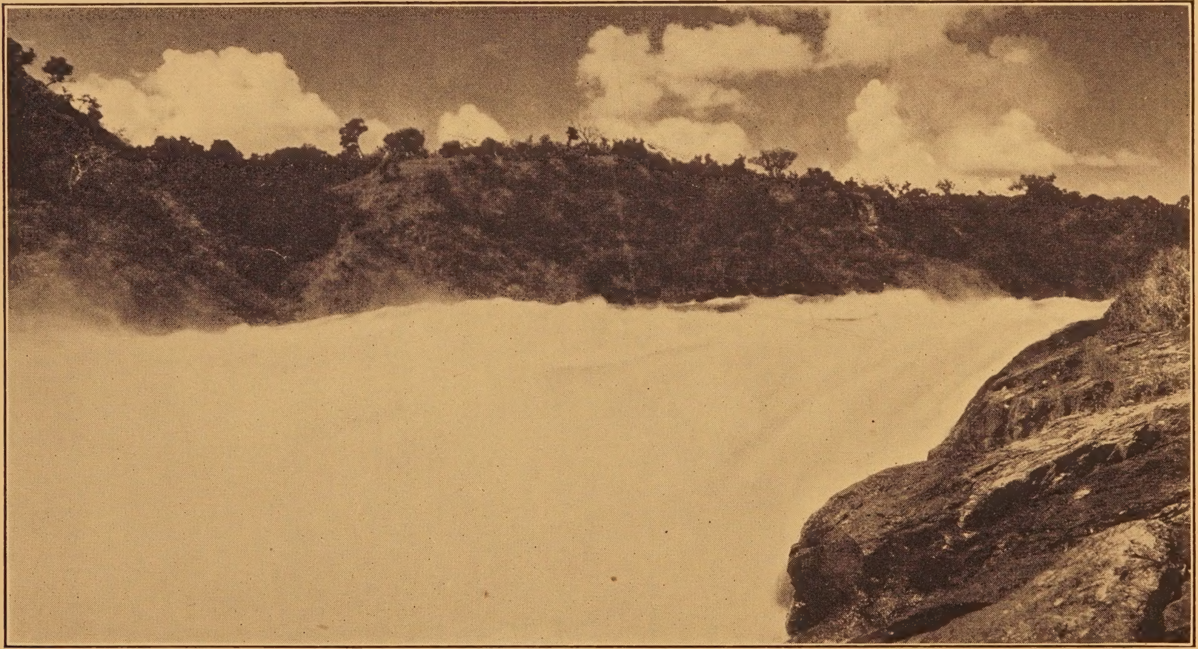
June 6: "Roberts suffering terribly from tsetse fly bites. Neck swollen terribly. Miss Booth hit with sun."

June 8: "Carey hit with sun. Temperature at six thirty P. M., eighty-seven degrees."

June 9: "Got in fair day's work. No one sick. Temperature at six thirty P. M., eighty-four degrees. Barometer dropping slightly."

We went to the foot and then up to the top of Murchison Falls, finding our way through the jungle by means of elephant trails. Right now let me pause to remark that the elephant is a mighty fine engineer. He will make a trail up the side of an escarpment that I defy a man to make without the use of compass level and dynamite.

Murchison Falls somehow reminds me of Dante's Inferno. The entire waters of the Victoria Nile flow through a chasm that you could



Top of Murchison Falls where the entire waters of the Victoria Nile flow into a gap fifteen feet wide with a two hundred foot drop. Incidentally makes the noise of the discharge of a big naval gun sound like a dud blast of a seidlitz powder.

almost jump across, and that they do it protestingly is obvious from their roar of protest. The chasm and the falls are seething cauldrons in which it is impossible for any fish in the world to live. And that is more or less the secret of the fat crocs. They lie in wait at the foot of the falls and eat the fish that are swept down and killed in the passage. In so far as the fish, called Nile perch, are often found weighing from two to three hundred pounds, one might be led to suppose that a good day's catch might feed the starving Armenians for a while.

A few years ago, before this district had become a restricted area, the Governor had sent a government engineer up to Fajoa to estimate the cost of putting in a trail up to the foot of the falls for the benefit of tourists. The Governor's man estimated the cost at four hundred pounds or the equivalent of two thousand dollars, a considerable sum considering the cheapness of labor in Africa. I wish the government had finished their trail, because it was necessary that the company, with a few tons of equipment, should reach the foot of the falls for scenes.

Accordingly Major Dickinson and I, a day or two after our arrival, surveyed the trail, not only to the foot of the falls, but incidentally to the top. The next day the gang took up the work of putting the trails through. They finished the day after that, at a total cost of fifty or sixty dollars.

When Commander Buckler along with the Governor of Uganda—lovingly called "Wicked Willie"—arrived on a tour of inspection, they found two lovely trails for their tourists, if the region can ever be considered safe for tourists, at an expense of nil to themselves. After viewing the trails, knowing the time and the cost of putting them through, they emphatically declared us all crazy, but were grateful, nevertheless.

Then it became necessary to get two canoes up to the foot of the falls. Each canoe was twenty-five to thirty feet in length, and having been hewed from a solid log, weighed approximately four hundred pounds. We were laughed at for the very idea. No canoe had been up the rapids to the foot of the falls. The thing was impossible.

Accordingly next day the gang took the canoes up to the foot of the falls. Once in a while we had to put a hundred natives under each canoe to force our way overland through the brush before we found enough quiet water to float it a few more yards farther up. Occasionally we had to rig tackle and hoist the canoe fifty or sixty feet in the air over a projecting rock ledge, but eventually the canoes rested in the basin water at the foot of the falls, drenched by its spray.

Here it was necessary for Mrs. Carey, who is playing the part of the missionary, to lie as a drowned woman in the croc-infested water. Of course we had three or four rifles covering her, but if any lady who happens to read this thinks it is any fun to be rolled about in three or four feet of water within fifty feet of twenty-five-foot crocodiles, she must have a queer idea of sport. I don't think Mrs. Carey even bothered to think about it. Once the wash of the surf waters carried her several feet out into the river and scared the rest of us to death. She never batted an eye or raised an arm to try to protect herself. Fortunately Harry Carey and Duncan Renaldo caught her before she got beyond reach.

Of this day's work, however, my diary records only: "Hard struggle getting canoes to foot of falls. Miss Booth ill with fever. Trouble between Waller and camp doctor. Temperature at six thirty P. M., eighty-six degrees."

The top of the falls presented even greater problems. It was necessary to work on the very edge of the rocks rimming this raging torrent, where the very rock itself vibrating under one's feet was enough to upset anyone's balance, but we got by without a casualty.

The greatest danger lay in sudden sunstroke while working along the edge, and there we nearly lost one of our cameramen, Bob Roberts. His knees started to buckle under him once, but he had enough sense left to grab his camera and hang on until he felt a little steadier. Then he wouldn't speak to me for a week because I didn't let him finish the sequence!

It was on our way down after completing work at the top that Duncan Renaldo was knocked down by the sun, and it was the hand of providence that guided his fall. No one saw him go down, and he was out several minutes before the alarm was sounded. But by the grace of God he had fallen into some shade when he went down, or I would have been without a perfectly good juvenile man. He was a sick boy for several days.

The elephants were wandering all around us, but we never actually came in contact with one in the bush, for which I shall never cease to be thankful. This held true throughout our trip in Africa. There are a great many things far more entertaining than a mad elephant. On one or two occasions my finger was drawing on the trigger when the elephant stopped his charge, and becoming a little fearful of such a strong wind from so many people, backed off and went on his way, if not rejoicing, at least leaving a lot of people rejoicing behind him.

The hardships that the entire company was suffering were terrible. In the first place, the tents are not nearly so large as the rooms of the presidential suite at the Mayflower in Washington, although the top flap extends out beyond the front of the tent proper, and makes a rather nice little porch that the presidential suite hasn't got.

The camp bed is not nearly so comfortable as my bed at home, and I can't sleep more than ten or twelve hours at a stretch. The eating is terrible and we are all gaining. It is not nearly so good as the Club Lido or Victor Hugo's. At eleven A. M. and again at four P. M., we are pestered by blacks who insist on serving tea and biscuits.

At five o'clock in the afternoon a table is put in your road loaded with Old Pensioner Gin, Johnny Walker Scotch, orange and lemon mixtures, and soda water. It is an insult which we dry Americans must endure or offend British customs. All in all we are suffering terribly, and the world will never realize the heroism of each individual member of the company.

And now a word in regard to the living things of Africa. You have often heard that the lion is the king of beasts. Some Africans will disagree with you and say that in so far as a lion will side-step an elephant, the elephant has first lien on the title. And when you consider that the buffalo roams where and when he will and that neither lion or elephant will ever bother him and that by most hunters he is reckoned as the most dangerous beast in Africa, you might say that the buffalo is the czar of beasts.

But there is one animal in Africa that will move any of them. That one is about one million millionth the size of a small buffalo—the ant. They have here what are called safari ants. Several hundred trillion of them will start out on a march to some new location, and woe betide anything that gets in their way. They form a road anywhere from one to twelve inches wide and God knows how long, and they will move anything in Africa, no matter how big or how ferocious.

There was another hardship that I forgot to mention. Everyone has to put up with a personal man, that is, a man who insists on doing everything for you except your actual eating and sleeping. He cleans your tent and keeps it in order, washes your clothes, lays out your bath, and if necessary, washes you.

On moving days, you just walk out of your tent and he packs and moves everything and looks after it in transit. You can gamble that you will not lose a match. In fact, all the old cans and bottles and newspapers that you threw away in your last camp, you are always sure to find piled neatly in your tent at the new camp.

Last night we had a washout, which accounts for the dirt on this paper. Rescued the typewriter out of about a foot of water on the floor of my tent. It is still perking, however, and while it lasts, I will write down a little of the adventures of last night. Nothing desperate, just a little inconvenience and dampness.

It started to rain early. Not hard, but steady. That would not have bothered, however, if it had not been for a cloudburst back in the hills that sent about a six-inch wall of water down through the camp, washing out all the small stuff and wetting things up rather decently. We could probably have heard the water coming if it had not been for the thunder which was more or less continuous. That too, however, was in our favor, as we had continuous flashes of lightning to help us see. The torrent hit us about one thirty and lasted until about two. Very little stuff was actually washed into the river, however, and almost everything that was washed away last night was found this morning. Some of it, however, will never be the same again.

Unfortunately, I had sent for a quantity of game to be shot so that we could feed the crocs and get a lot of them together. It arrived last night in a rather advanced state of decomposition, and along with the water has a very disagreeable aroma. Tried to get it away from camp early this morning so that the people could eat breakfast, but of course the motor in our only boat got wet, and it was a long while before the meat was out of range of our nostrils. Certainly hope the crocs appreciate it more than the people and in another way.

Our native boys had a terrible time last night, and my own personal boy slept in a tree. Have wondered for some time what his ancestry is. Well, so much for last night, and while I am not at all averse to liberal applications of water, I am rather finicky about when and where and how the laving applications are applied. So naturally I am against a literal duplication of last night's bath.

On the twenty-third of June we were still at Murchison Falls. The falls were still there also, although I think they have gotten thin since their association with a movie company. They have been good falls to us, however, and gave us some very good work in the picture. It is surprising to know just how good and clever those falls are.

I believe I mentioned the fact that I had to kill a croc that insisted on stepping into my scenes before I got ready for him. Well, since then I have made restitution to his family by killing some hippo and feeding them. I am not going to support them the rest of their lives, however. I am going to put them to work in the picture.

I have built a nice swimming pool for them and little by little I am enticing the more ambitious ones therein. Haven't seen any yet that show enough ability for stardom, but then true art is never spontaneous but always cultivated. I am sowing this particular art with the hippo meat. Thinking that might be a little too strong as a steady diet, I made up my mind to vary it a little with some other delicate kind of fleshy morsel. Accordingly I put my gun on my gun boy's back and went stalking whatever anyone stalks while in Africa.

CHAPTER VII

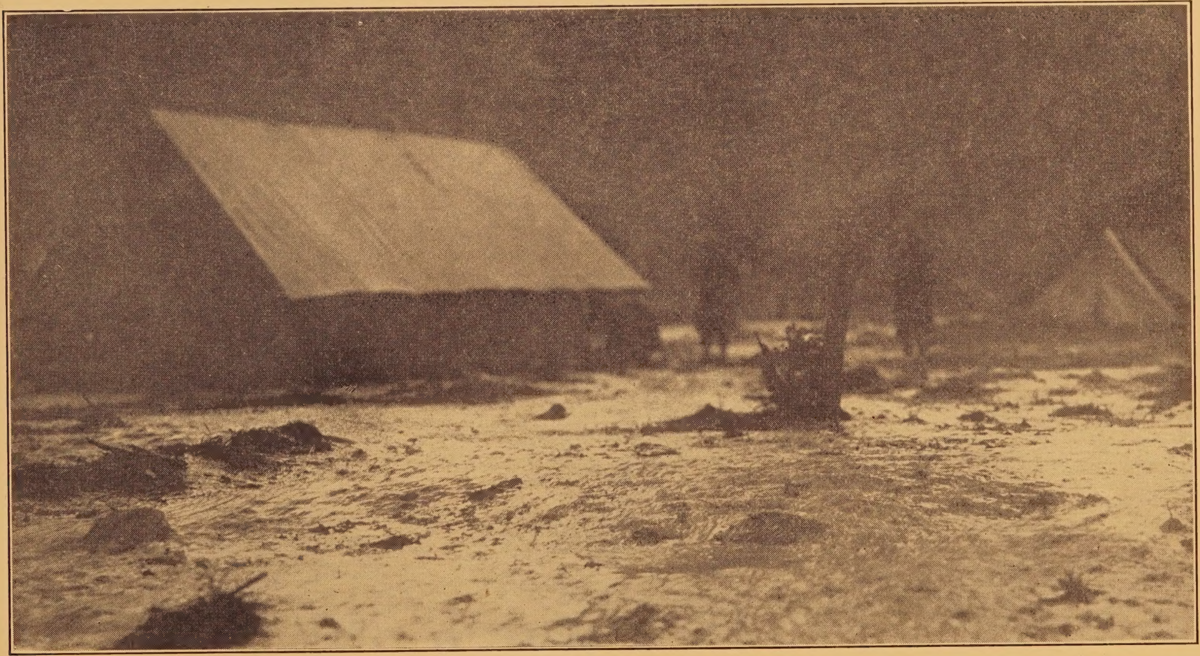
I BECOME A HERO

It was very hot and dry, and after about three hours' walking, I had about made up my mind to take the hippo meat and make a hash of it, spiced with a few nice condiments such as goat intestines and the like, when suddenly my gun boy seized me roughly and uncouthly by the arm and hoarsely whispered the magic word "buffalo."

Right away, instantly, I realized all the disadvantages and discomforts of this damn country and made up my mind to leave at the earliest possible moment. The gun boy irritated me by shaking me and pointing directly ahead of me with one hand while he was trying to shove an elephant gun into my hand with the other.

I already had a small high-powered sporting rifle in my hands and couldn't very well shoot both of them at once. It occurred to me later that I might have handed the small rifle to my boy in exchange for the heavier gun. However, at the moment I was busy trying to figure out what was directly ahead and at the junction of a vertical and horizontal line in direct juxtaposition with the elevation of my boy's index finger.

Finally I located it. It was a huge dark mass with a spread of horns, one tip of which was stuck in the middle of Cape Town while the other tip was prying up the boot of Italy. Did I flutter or



Early morning after a night of flood. Some of the tents are still standing due to huge trenches we had dug around them, somewhat after the manner of a Flanders' battlefield.

tremble or quake? Not a bit of it. I was glued to the spot and frozen stiff as a ramrod.

After sighting along my boy's index finger for the second time, I beheld about three inches from the nail what is and was and always will be one of the most dangerous beasts in Africa, the Cape buffalo.

There he was, not over fifty feet in front of me, standing head on and looking directly at me. I looked directly back at him. After an interval I decided something had to be done about the matter, as we couldn't both stand there all day staring at each other, and too he might take offense. I can't see just why he stood there anyway. Surely he must know that he was directly in my path. Vaguely, very vaguely, I wondered if he expected me to come up and sit on the point of his horns.

At this moment I was embarrassed by an argument that took place between my small rifle and my elephant gun. "I am the surest," the big gun kept repeating. "But I am the more sporting," was the asinine reply of the little gun. The big gun had all the best of the argument, and that is why I sided with the small rifle. My Dutch ancestry did not live in vain.

Much to my gun boy's disgust, I eased the big gun back into his hand and catapulted the other to my shoulder. It seemed that I could not get it up there fast enough. And then having gotten it up there in record time, I seemed to have a great deal of difficulty in locating the sights. After all, maybe the other gun would be better. I had been shooting low with the small rifle anyway. Maybe

I was taking too coarse a sight now, or was it coarse enough? I tried to make sure by sighting again. Was that the animal directly over the sight or was it the side of the mountain? No, it was the animal all right, because it moved slightly. Or was it an avalanche?

While I was trying to figure it out, my finger accidently touched the trigger. The report occurred just as I had made up my mind to use the big rifle. No sooner was the missile out of the muzzle of the gun than I nearly knocked my gun boy down handing it back to him, and dislocated one of his arms yanking the big gun away from him. But the force of my 318 semi-soft nose shell partially threw the monster off his feet, and when he got his bearings, he was headed about eight points off his course and passing me.

Of course, I had been right all along. The small gun was the sporting gun after all. Who wanted a gun that he was sure to kill something with? Why not give the buffalo a chance to charge you if he wanted to? Why not be a sport? And the farther that animal got from me, the more sporting I became.

Again I seized the small gun, cursing my boy for putting the other one into my hands, and threw another shot after the rapidly retreating animal. He fell about fifty yards distant, and I courageously and gallantly walked up and placed myself somewhere in the proximity of a small fraction of his horns, and with my small rifle held conspicuously in my hands, posed for a picture. Imagine my embarrassment when that brute got up!

When I stopped, I took my field glasses and focused them upon him, and as they have an eight-times lens, I could see him quite distinctly. He had fallen down again. Returning three miles nearer, I could see that the animal had stopped breathing. Finally I came to the conclusion that he was dead. Having come to that conclusion, there was no necessity of feeling his pulse nor pressing my ear against his chest to see if I could discern any heart action. But just on the off chance that he might still be suffering, the spirit of humanity overpowered me and I threw a shell into his brain to put him out of his misery.

I am taking his horns home because they will make a nice fence around the back yard. With his tail I am now peacefully swatting flies. And while swatting them, I reminisce upon the sport of hunting jack rabbits and squirrels. They are about my speed, and I am resolved not to shoot any more buffalo.

Having made up my mind to this, two days later I ran into another one standing the same way and looking at me just as directly. But this time my gun boy was adamant. Firmly he took the small rifle out of my non-resisting hands and put the big one against my shoulder, almost sighting and shooting it for me to make sure I used it. When that 577 cordite shell caught the beast in the shoulder, it literally lifted him from his feet and laid him gently on the ground, and he didn't move again.

I gave my gun boy the devil for not handing the big gun to me to use on the first one, showing him the remarkably superior efficiency of the big gun over the little one. After all, jack rabbits and squirrels are rather small game for a he-man to hunt.

Across the river from our camp an elephant will sometimes wander down to water. When I look at them, somehow or other my big gun begins to shrink somewhat. Of course we are in a game preserve where shooting of any kind is strictly prohibited, or I would be tempted to go over and try shooting him with a slingshot. I would love the dangerous thrill of the moment of his charge. Of course it would be just hard luck to be stuck in a reserve where I can't give vent to my adventurous spirits.

The crocs at the pool seem to like the fare they are getting, and slowly but surely a few of them are concentrating there. I want only about a hundred more in there before I shall close the gate we have built, penning them in where they can't get out, and then we will start shooting—I mean, shooting with the camera. I wish I could get those crocs as fat as I am getting the mosquitoes around my tent, but not exactly on the same diet!

My diary of June 26 reports: "Miss Gordon, Miss Booth's hair dresser, has desperate case of malaria. Rushing her into Kampala. One of the transportation crew struck a native and for a moment it looked itchy. Temperature at six thirty P. M., eighty-three degrees."

Outside of all this, the routine work is going on just the same and just as slowly. We have not been visited with another cloudburst, but the weather is promising and I have hopes. Up to date we have shot about one-seventh of the script, which has taken us about three months. At that rate we should finish about the time they sign some kind of disarmament pact, and then the company and the nations can celebrate together.

The croc pool is coming along nicely. Did I explain the purpose and intent of the croc pool? Perhaps not. There is a sequence in the picture which calls for a small, muddy, marshy lake with an island in the center. In escaping from natives, Horn and Renchero by the means of overhead vines are supposed to reach this island and safety —safety because of the multitudes of crocs surrounding the island and preventing a concerted attack by the natives.

Of course it was impossible to find any kind of location to fit the need. So we found some lowland close to the river, diverted a small stream, built an island in the center, and proceeded to fill up the lowland with water from the diverted stream. Around this, we built a six-foot stockade designed to withstand the charge of a locomotive.

Facing the river we left an opening to which we attached a huge gate, and then we proceeded to fill this swamp full of carrion in ultra stages of decay, thereby attracting or luring the crocs within. It was our intention, on getting two or three hundred crocs within this enclosure, to close the gate. We would then get inside with cameras, actors, and what not, and try to shoot scenes without being eaten.

The idea was great—it was my own of which I was very proud. I tell you there is nothing like thinking things to completion. The one thing I hadn't taken into consideration in my thoughts was the terrific odor which would come from the dead and rotten animals thrown within.

In moving pictures, we sometimes work in strange places, at the mouth of sewers and even down within the sewers themselves. I have worked in native igloos in the north that very nearly asphyxiated me, but I have never smelled any brand of smells that could equal the smell of that croc pool.

While waiting for the crocs to gather in sufficient numbers, we would occasionally put our cameras on the boys' backs and go out seeking game shots. I believe I mentioned how I heroically killed a buffalo. He made fine meat for the croc pool. The boys cut him up and carried him back to our boats on the river.

We were tired and had seen all the game we cared to look at for one day. Just as we were about to shove off and make for the quiet safety of our camp, some fool native told us of a herd of elephants in the bush about a mile away. I could have shot that native gleefully. Had I not been told they were there, it would have been unnecessary to hunt them out, but having been told, it was my duty to myself, my conscience, and the organization to drag myself wearily to my feet and make for the elephants.

We found them asleep in a little cote of woods, and we got nicely set up and all ready for them to pass by the camera when it occurred to me that they might take it into their heads to pass over instead of by the camera. Vainly I tried to think of some means of definitely letting them know just where they were to go. Finally gave it up and surrounded myself with every gun available and even took my shoes off so that I might run them down if I wanted to. Then I gently fired a shot over their heads as a warning to behave and also to wake them up.

I started about the same time they did and almost lost sight of them before I realized that they were doing very nicely and passing right where I wanted them to pass, not in too close proximity to the cameras. So I crawled out from under something and got back to the cameras in time to see them disappear in the distance, and to calm the cameraman and tell him not to be afraid, because I was there ready to protect him in case they came back. We got a great shot of them.

Between hunting for game in this manner and waiting for sets, we managed to shoot some odd sequences and get a little work done. We killed several hippo, a couple of buffalo and some water buck, and kept feeding the crocs in the pool every night so that they got used to the place and came regularly for dinner.

CHAPTER VIII

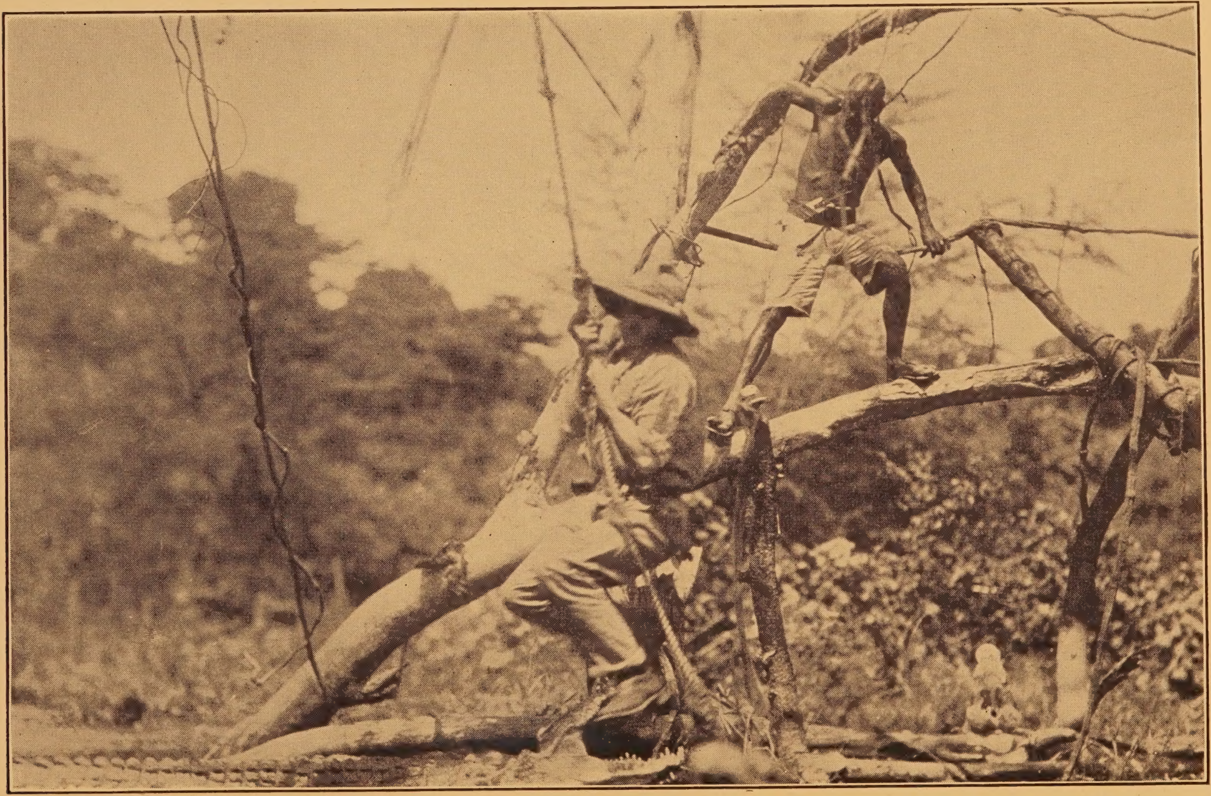
WHY I DISLIKE CROCS

Then came the night when I was going to close the gate so that I would have them there for the next day's shooting. About midnight, Dickinson and I sneaked down there and found fully two hundred crocs inside.

We made a rush for the heavy gate and were tugging it shut when one of the crocs charged us. The gate was no longer heavy. It went to with a bang, and I thanked God that it had been heavy once because that old croc hit it like a ton of beef. Come to think of it, that is about what he represented—a solid ton of ire. Dickinson managed to get the gate closed and fastened, and then caught up with me.

We thought we had them all nicely corraled, but alas, when we went down there next morning, we found only three crocs left. They had torn the fence to pieces, and some of them just to show their contempt had crawled over the fence, a fence six feet high.

The next day was spent repairing the fence and getting small fires ready all around the place, because I had made up my mind that on this night, after getting the gate closed, we would stay right there in person until morning and see that they stayed there too. Again at night about twenty of us sneaked down. This time we had no



Harry Carey, who nearly lost his foot trying to kid the crocodiles, and a couple of them are nearly laughing themselves to death. Just a little recreation to high-light the day's toil.

trouble getting the gate closed, and while there were not so many crocs present as on the previous evening, at the same time there were enough to answer our purpose.

We had carefully prepared some torches soaked in oil so that if a rush came, we could frighten them back with flame. You can imagine our embarrassment when about two A. M. the first rush came and we stuffed our torches into their mouths and they snatched them out of our hands and chewed on them with great relish, spat out the remains, and came for more. I have seen a croc lie with his mouth open and soaked oil-cloth lying in there burning, and the croc not batting an eye.

We did, however, manage to hold the fort against repeated attacks by yelling, hitting them with clubs, pushing them back with whatever we could get our hands on, firing guns and yelling. But it was some job. When a croc definitely makes up his mind to charge, there is nothing that will stop him except solid steel shells. He presents a hideous sight as he starts for you with his mouth wide open, and the blow he can strike with his tail would fell an ox.

The next day was cloudy and we could not shoot. We did, however, get some shots of the crocs themselves but with no actors in the scenes, and of course that is what I wanted. They behaved very well during the day and made no charges.

The next night we split the company in half and took four hours on and four off all through the night. The second night was the worst of all. The crocs were vicious, and at one time three charged at once. Fortunately our fences held and we managed to keep them in, but not until after I had shot about three of the worst. The next day there were fewer crocs than ever. How some of them managed to sneak by us, I haven't any idea. But they did, and it was indicative of the morale of the gang that when in the midst of all this furor some of my fool staff found time to rig up a dummy croc, tie piano wire to it, and drag it around through the brush, scaring the natives. Just playing and finding a little recreation in the dull moments between real charges.

Of course the next day would have to be cloudy again, but we attempted a drive anyway. You might just as well try to drive a herd of locomotives. You can't reason with crocs, and they have worse dispositions than my ancestors. Besides that, they are damn dangerous. Finally we evacuated and came off second best after all. It is true, I did get some pretty good stuff but not one-tenth of what I had expected to. And besides, some members of the company had had a close call or two.

Miss Booth, who was on one of the shifts and fighting side by side with the men, had nearly fallen inside the fence while trying to ram a stick down a charging croc's throat. The tail of a croc had blasted its way through the fence at one spot, and catching Harry Carey on the leg, practically laid him up for a week.

At the lower end of the pool where the overflow from the running water of the river had been taken care of, a croc had managed to dislodge some of the sand bags which composed our dam. Duncan Renaldo had crawled inside to attempt repairs while my diminutive "prop" man, Harry Albiez, held at bay one of the brutes which was trying his best to bite a nice hunk out of Renaldo's posterior.

I can remember Albiez now on the end of a long pole, the other end of which was stuffed down the croc's throat. The croc was shaking the pole and Albiez back and forth like a flag. We had gotten Renaldo out and were yelling to Albiez to drop the pole and jump for it, when through his chattering teeth came back the reply:

"I am damned if I will. This pole is a prop and has been used in one of the scenes. It's got to be used in another, and I'll be damned if I am going to try to duplicate it."

Harry's stubbornness cost me four good shells, as I eventually had to kill the croc so that Harry might have his pole!

It occurred to me that perhaps I had gone far enough. Perhaps after all the scenes I had hoped to get were not worth the risk, but when I attempted to call the company off, there was a storm of protest from everyone. All of it had to be gone through again, and we patiently worked, teased and fought the darn brutes until we had scenes enough to carry us through the episode.

That is possibly one episode in my life that I shall always vividly remember. It was weird, fantastic, unreal. Our only light in the night battles were electric hand torches. In the glare of these, the eyes of the crocodiles would stand out a fiery red, and that would be all that would be discernible until they made the rush, emerging from the water onto dry land, and they came fast, darting like lizards, and were always almost upon us before we were set for the shock of their attack.

I remember on one occasion my gun boy, Riano, thinking I was in danger, bent a huge Masai spear double, thrusting it against the side of the animal. Our white hunters had never in all their lives had such an experience, and they got a great kick out of it.

CHAPTER IX

OUR FIRST NATIVE TROUBLE

Before leaving Murchison, we experienced our first native outbreak, and it was caused by the fact that "familiarity breeds contempt."

One of my white hunters was old Jim Barnes of Nairobi, a man who has felt African sun for years, who has experienced every thrill and danger Africa had to offer and never talked about it, a man who knew his country as I know my own hearth and fireside, and who had grown as callous and as contemptuous of natives as he was of African fever.

Barnes had survived and remained practically unscared and unhurt only because he could think as fast as he could shoot, and that was pure and unadulterated streak lightning. But as in the case of all white hunters, there comes that one moment when a man doesn't think quite fast enough or doesn't think at all, and in that moment of carelessness comes very near losing his life.

One of the native boys started an argument with Barnes. Barnes pointed his argument with the toe of his boot, and the black proceeded to lay a club gently over Barnes' sighting eye, but the poor unfortunate devil did this within reaching distance of my chief electrician, McAfee. The black never knew what hit him. When we brought him around, he wanted to go home and we let him go. There was a little rumbling among the blacks for a while, but it finally quieted down.

It was also in this location that we caught some electric fish, and that is not a fish story! These queer things resemble a catfish in general appearance but with a stubbier, less fish-like tail. They give one a tremendous shock, not the kind of shock one receives from the steady flow of electricity through a wire, but the kind of shock you will get by sometimes touching your automobile when there is a short in the magneto. To convince myself that there was nothing about the skin of the fish coming into contact with my own flesh that created this sensation or illusion, we put three of these fish into a five-gallon petrol tin full of water, and got the same shock by lifting the tin.

It was here that Dickinson created quite a sensation one morning by accidentally stubbing his toe on a couple of leopards just outside of camp. I had heard them coughing the night before, but had thought it was crocodile or hippo or possibly buck. The cats made no attempt to attack, and neither did Dickinson—and so did I.

Of all the animals in Africa which I wanted to kill, the leopard was the first and foremost. I saw only six while I was in Africa. I got a shot at three of them and beautifully missed every shot. The last one I missed so far that I think I must have stood my rifle upright, and after assuming a horizontal position, fired myself at the leopard. The next thing I wanted to shoot was myself, but I might have added insult to humiliation by missing myself.

Two more cloudbursts hit us at this location, each time at night, making things very miserable for a few hours. At its best water in Africa is bad enough, but when mixed up with underbrush and drowned animals, it becomes rather intolerable. Besides, I don't like it in the middle of the night. At least this is the way I felt at Murchison Falls. Later on, when good water was only a memory, I would have welcomed several cloudbursts at any time.

For instance, when we were down on the Serengeti, our only water was from old water holes that had been standing for months, affording lovely bathing pools for every ape in Africa, and for all the other nice dirty animals to lie and soak themselves in the hot sun. That's the stuff that made us appreciate anything in liquid form that had any semblance of being fresh.

At times our water bottles would smell so vile that it was with difficulty we kept them to our faces long enough for a drink. We not only boiled it but we parboiled it, stewed it. I even tried baking and frying a lot of it, and while we could kill the microbes, we couldn't get rid of their rotting remains or their stench.

We had been in Africa now for about two months and all of the gang were beginning to get more or less on the peck. Petty little spats began to break out among the troupe, and a great deal of kidding in earnest.

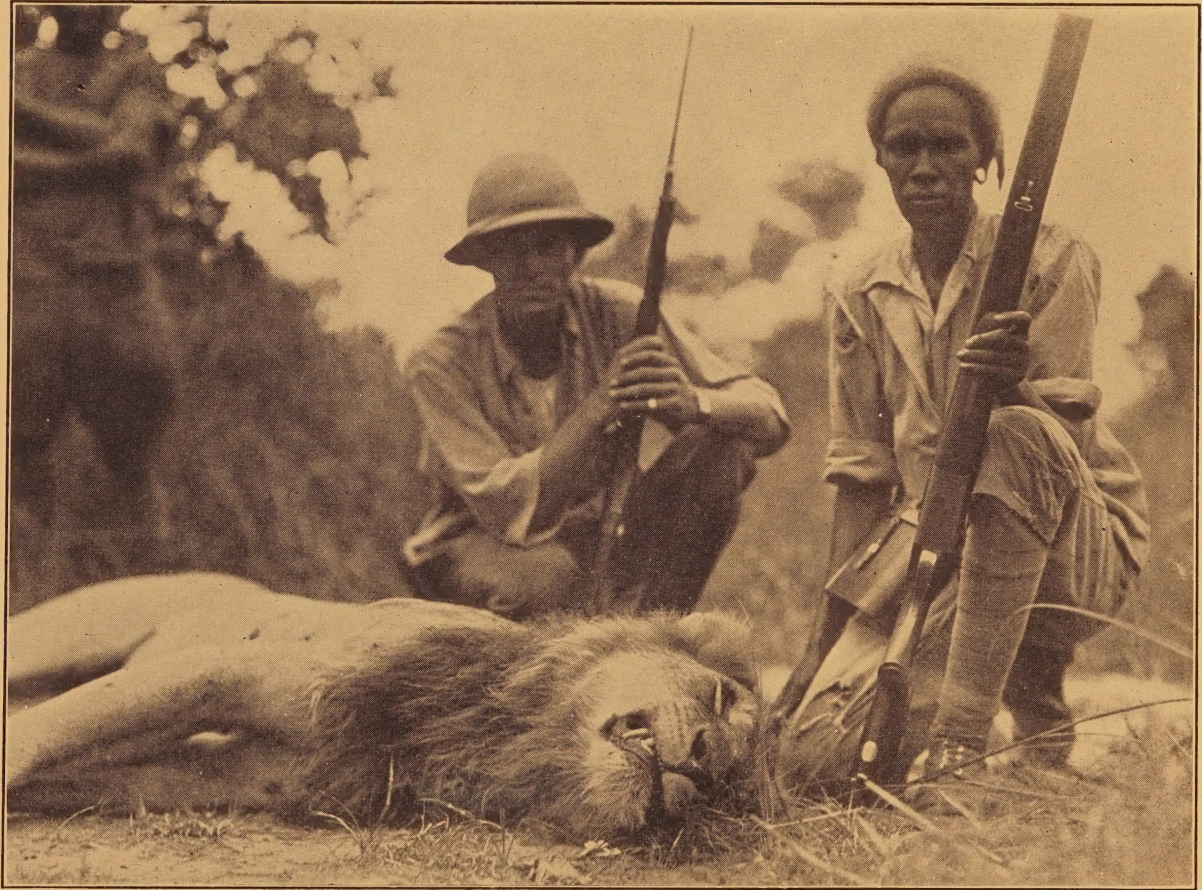
Nothing as yet to warrant my interference, but I could see lots of trouble on the horizon before many more months had passed. I began to tighten the reins and instill a few little rigid and militaristic rules, laws, regulations, ethics, and edicts.

Little things that one would normally pay no attention to when said at home, begin to take on added significance when said in an isolated camp in the African bush. One cannot go around and "shoot off" his mouth haphazard. Every word must be watched for possible offense. In an isolated camp, people are far more touchy and find more hidden meanings in one word than they would ordinarily find in an oration at home.

The weather and the stubbornness of the crocs terminated our stay at Murchison Falls a little sooner than I had expected. We again loaded the outfit on everything that we could possibly float, and left the good old stamping ground for our next location, the Rhino Camp.

Owing to the fly and malaria of this location, we had to clear about four acres of brush and grass, beating the ground carefully for the black mamba and puff adder which are found all through Central Africa. Then we pitched our camp about a mile and a half from the nearest water. Consequently all day long a string of natives carried five-gallon tins on their heads and soon beat a path from the mess tent to the river.

The dozen or so monkeys which we had accumulated by this time were so thoroughly trained that they easily stole all our food, helped us pitch camp, knocked dishes off the table, and otherwise made themselves generally delightful to the entire company. They are high-hat little devils, and once becoming accustomed to camp, they refuse to associate with their wild brethren. When the wild monkeys scampered and played on the edge of camp, these little fellows of ours became very



This one got a little obstreperous. Of all the animals in Africa, the lion is possibly the easiest to hunt and kill. One party of four Americans killed fifty-six lions in three weeks—wanton slaughter of a noble beast, who probably has more mercy in his heart than the humans who hunt him.

snooty and refused to have anything to do with them.

We had a young baboon that was worth its weight in gold. Whenever the company came in after a hard day's work, tired and downcast, I would get out the ape, give him a couple of shots of Scotch, and he would soon have the entire camp in an uproar.

He became very Einsteinian when slightly inebriated, and lost all sense of space or distance. He would jump for a chair and come way short of his mark, or clear the chair like a swallow and land in the face of some member of the company on the other side. The little devil got to know that he was entertaining us and would clown all over the place. The harder we laughed, the harder he would play.

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST LION

Our sets were ready and waiting for us at Rhino Camp and work started immediately, or as soon as the weather permitted. Again we ran up against unusual weather, and before I left Africa, I learned that they had no other kind of weather in the country—it was all unusual.

By this time, several members of our company, including Miss Booth, Carey, Renaldo, Roberts, and one or two of the other boys, had been hit very severely by the sun. It was when we reached Rhino Camp that my script clerk, Miss Chippo, and my generator man, Eddie Cornwall, again took it into their heads to get knocked over. Miss Chippo came out of it in a few hours, but Eddie was not so lucky. He stayed down for two or three days, but as luck would have it, the sun was shining and we didn't need Eddie or the generator.

Between clouds and often in the evening, we would go hunting. Harry Carey got the thrill of his life when he ran into a herd of buffalo and got one of them, and I got the thrill of my life when I heard of it. Here I had a perfectly good leading man only half way through the picture, out playing with buffalo. All of the gang saw and shot at plenty of game—lion, wild dog, wild hog, oribi, and kongoni.

One evening when we were out riding for air, three lions hopped out on the road in front of our car and showed a decided inclination to find out just what kind of car it was and how the engine was working. My gun never felt so comfortable as when resting against my shoulder. One big black-maned fellow I knocked off the radiator cap. He did a double somersault in the middle of the road and then high-tailed it for the bush, followed by the other two. I took a flying shot as they went through the brush, thinking I was shooting at the same one I had shot at before, but instead it was another and younger lion with not so fine a mane. He went down and stayed down.

It is an unwritten law in Africa that when game is wounded, one must keep after it until he either brings it down or loses the trail definitely. So we took out after the lion that was wounded, and I experienced one of the greatest thrills in Africa going into dense brush after a wounded animal.

To those who don't understand what it means, let me say that you hold your gun before you constantly cocked. You can gamble you will get only one shot and no more—if you get that—before the animal is upon you. Then you advance one step, and with the muzzle of your rifle, part the grass immediately in front of you, look carefully all around you within a radius of eight or ten feet, then advance another step and repeat the operation. You do not look for the animal over there, you look for him right here—here under your feet.

Jack Luce, a very fine African white hunter who went into the bush after a wounded lion that an American doctor had hit on the run and succeeded only in wounding badly, actually kicked the lion before he saw him. Will that give you any idea about the density of the brush?

And while I am speaking of that, let me say that when a lion strikes, there is only one thing that you can do to save your life—drop and remain absolutely motionless, letting the lion do just whatever he pleases, because the part of your body that moves is the part which the lion will grab. If you move an arm, he will take the arm. If you move a head, he will crush it like an eggshell.

In the instance of Jack Luce, when the lion rose up directly beneath him, Jack instinctively threw an arm in front of his face. In a flash, the lion had the arm, but Luce was thinking as fast as the lion was acting. Immediately he dropped and let the lion have his arm—and the lion took it. However, it saved Luce's life because while the lion was spending his time taking off Luce's arm, the doctor arrived on the spot and shot the lion off Luce. This will demonstrate in a way the cool cold nerve of African white hunters.

We trailed this lion I had shot about half a mile before it got dark. Next morning, we picked up the trail again and kept after him for another two or three miles, spending eight hours going that distance. However, his wound gradually dried up and he stopped bleeding. Thus we lost the trail and never did find him. When we say "trail," we mean the drops of blood that here and there dot the grass through which the wounded animal has passed. If the wounds dry or if he licks them dry, these blood spots will come farther and farther apart, finally ceasing altogether. I will be very frank in saying that while I would very much have liked that lion's skin resting on my floor, I couldn't help but heave a little sigh of relief when Dickinson turned back ruefully muttering, "Well, that is strictly that. I am sorry."

It was on this location that I decided to hold a game drive. Dickinson built several blinds and one morning early, in a roundabout way, we sneaked the cameras into them. Then a couple hundred natives started about five miles down near the river and began beating the bush toward our blinds, yelling like Comanches. But alas and alack! When the drive was finally over, all we had was a couple of long shots of two or three tsetse flies and five or six big grasshoppers. I believe some of the boys did get a shot of kongoni and water buck, but the bulk of the game had evidentally taken it into their heads to go week-ending the night before.

And it was on this spot that DeVinna, my chief cameraman, decided to lose himself somewhere in Africa. A spot had been pointed out about four hundred yards distant for Clyde to set up his camera on. In the company of a native carrying the camera, Clyde had started for the spot and came out somewhere in China. Then we had to make another drive for DeVinna, finally locating him after all of us, including himself, had worn the heels off our shoes, and all the edges off our tempers. Of course the native was no help. All stories to the contrary, the native can usually lose himself more quickly and more thoroughly than any tenderfoot.

We also had a little more trouble with our camp boys on this location. Some white doctor, who was passing through and stopped at our camp, invited trouble and got it. Ten or twelve of the blacks beat him severely with clubs.

Fortunately, I was not present at the time; I was down at the river. Got back as quickly as possible, threw a guard around camp, and then sent for the Iscari—the native name for the King's African Rifles—a crack body of negro troops that would make our own Tenth Infantry a little ashamed of themselves.

They immediately arrested about fifteen of the boys who, I understand, will get from three to ten years each. Rather a heavy penalty for trouble which they did not start and which was not their fault, and for doing what you could not blame them for doing. But the native problem in Africa is one that takes an iron hand constantly, and right or wrong, no black must take it upon himself personally to resist or attack a white. If it were tolerated for a moment, Africa would be full of atrocities that would make our own Indian massacres seem like pink teas! We lost several good camp boys through this incident, but for a while after this, the camp boys behaved themselves very well.

I remember the Governor of Fort Jesus in Mombasa telling me about some nit-wits in England writing to him and demanding an explanation of just why it was necessary for him to whip one more of his black prisoners this year than he had last. He wrote back lucidly and clearly, explaining that one more black this year needed whipping than last year.

It is the camp boys of Africa that really keep the whites alive. If it were not for the blacks, you would come back into camp in the evening tired, and find your bed unmade, unaired and dank. Instead of cooking yourself a hot supper, you would open a can of sardines and a box of crackers. You would probably do without your hot bath and crawl into bed, and next morning you would wake up half dead with fever.

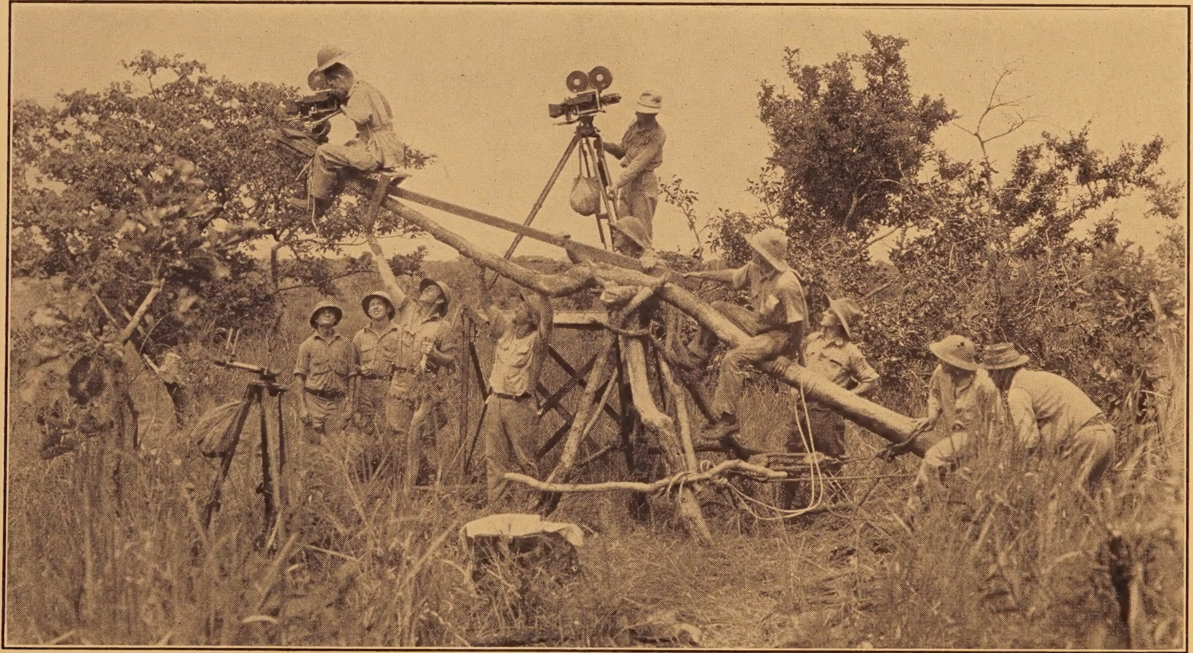
But with the blacks, when you arrive in camp, hot tea and highballs are waiting for you. Your bed has been sunned and aired. There is a hot bath waiting in your tent and a boy to scrub you and start the stagnant blood flowing. A little later, a well-cooked hot supper is waiting, and when you crawl into bed, the mosquito net is tucked in around you as if you were a baby.

Those old camp beds got to be very comfortable. They were plenty long and plenty wide and plenty soft. I long once in a while now to doze off, listening to the hyenas howl around camp, and to be awakened drowsily sometime in the middle of the night by the cadenced roaring of the lion.

Once in a while you would hear a shrill whistle and know that a reed buck had been started somewhere. Then would come a funny little barking noise from the zebra shrilly intoning the night, followed probably by the yapping of jackals. At first these sounds are somewhat fearsome, but later on they become music, and when you hit a silent night, you are lonesome. Up in the old Murchison Falls area, we used to have the grunt and snort of the hippo, with the low rumbling roar of the croc forming an obligato.

Everybody asks if we had a guard around our tent at night. Positively no! No one ever thought of such a thing. The animals won't come into camp, or if they do, it is merely a matter of curiosity and they take fright and run at the first noise. It may be possible, if you have a dog in camp, that a leopard may steal in to get it, because the leopard is very fond of dogs; or if you have some meat hanging up, you may receive a visit from the hyena, but these occasions are very rare.

I wish to apologize for the last statement. There is one animal in Africa that frequently invades your camp, and when he does, he will move you right out of it. Frequently, in the dead of night, I would hear a wild yell and wake up to see some member of my company flying out of his camp absolutely nude, slapping and rubbing every part of his anatomy. He had innocently pitched his tent in front of an ant safari, and when these ants take it into their heads to come into your camp, you might just as well move out until the parade is over. No one ever stopped to think of clothing. If it were a man's yell we heard, some of us would sometimes go to his assistance; if it were one of the women who was yelling, we would politely cover our heads and let her take care of herself—oh, yeah?



A triumphant engineering feat. An elevator to raise our cameras above the level of the elephant grass, when we got the elephants where we wanted them. The reason the writer is not in this picture is that the elephants were coming at the moment.

CHAPTER XI

ON INTO THE CONGO

My worries about finding savagery in Africa were now fully allayed and rested dormant in my mind. So one day when I decided that we had been at Rhino Camp long enough, we struck camp, loaded everything onto thirty-five trucks, and started for the Belgian Congo.

It was somewhat of a shock when I again came upon that beautiful little golf course at Aru. To quiet my nerves, I had to stop the company and play a game of golf. On the nineteenth hole, my nerves again began to flutter, but the District Commissioner at this point had such fine Scotch that I was quickly on my way to recovery, but not on the way to the next location.

We camped there all night, permitting myself and my company the opportunity of taking the government postoffice apart, wrecking a rest camp, and hoisting the American flag up on the flag pole of the District Commissioner. By two o'clock, my nerves were thoroughly quieted, and I managed to get to sleep. Next morning, I was sore at the world.

All that day it rained, rained, and how! With splitting heads, we heaved and shoved and pushed, the safari became separated, and some of them were lost altogether. It was not until the next day at Faraje that we all caught up with each other.

It was at this point I learned of the one thing on earth that Dickinson stood in fear of, and that was my driving. A herd of elephants doing a May Dance around his toes wouldn't faze him. A few dozen rhino playfully trying to tickle him in the ribs with their horns was just a nice little game. Cuffing lions around the veldt of Africa was just an every-day stunt. But to climb into a car with me at the wheel took the color out of his face and the strength out of his joints.

On one occasion when the camera car ahead of us took the wrong turn, I had to beat it at about sixty miles an hour through the Belgian Congo to overtake it before it got too many thousand miles off its course. That trip will live long in Dickinson's memory. I can remember him sitting in the front seat beside me, trying to get hold of something, with both feet going through the foot board, and sick to his very soul. I often wondered if that was why he took such a keen delight in sometimes getting me into a jam in the thick bush with a wounded brute—kind of sardonic revenge.

Before each moving day, Dickinson would spend a sleepless night. Rising early, he would ask the whispered question of everybody, "Is Van Dyke going to drive today?" If he learned that I was, he would use every excuse in his decalogue for riding with the camera car or one of the trucks, or walking. Anything and everything to avoid getting into that front seat with me at the wheel. Poor Dickinson aged greatly before the safari was over.

From Faraje on to Wandu, the going was pretty good. Here we started to work with the elephants. I never so thoroughly disliked elephants before. You could always gamble on their doing exactly what you did not want them to do. So I tried wanting them to do what I didn't want done, and they proceeded to do what I wanted them not to do. Or am I wrong?

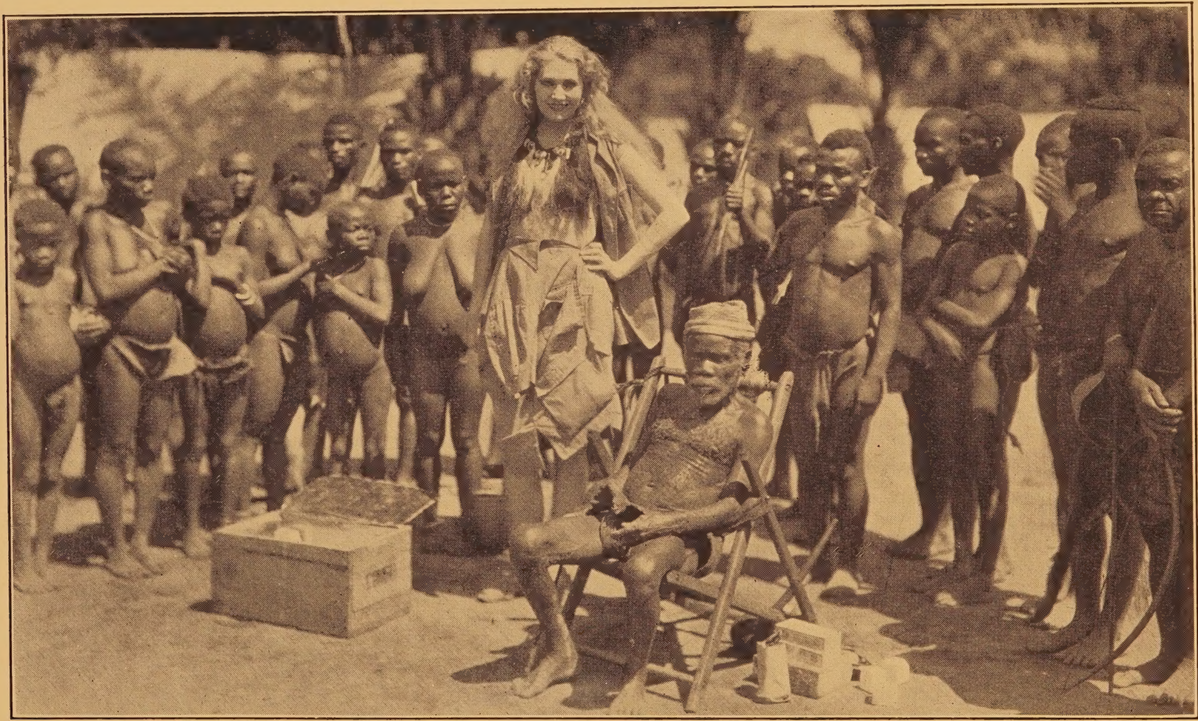
Again Father Pluto—or should I say Pluvius—paid us a long and extended visit. We shot between showers and between deluges. Everybody was wet and "gooey" most of the time. Elephants are as bad as crocs, if not worse, but we got no serious charges and had very little trouble of a dangerous nature. Despairing at last of ever seeing the sun again in this locality, I left behind a small unit to catch some odd shots of elephants, and with the rest of the company, high-tailed it to Beni for the pygmy stuff.

In writing this, it sounds as if we merely took the company and walked across the street. As a matter of fact, Beni was some three or four hundred miles south and on the edge of the Ituri Forest, than which nothing more magnificent exists. Huge trees ran up to the sky, with their first branch over one hundred feet in the air and with big, bushy tops. Running up the hard, sturdy trunks would be vines, climbing out on the nearest limbs and then dropping back onto the ground again and taking root. Monkey ladders without number, strangling vines and teeming roots, shrubbery so dense that one could not see through it, let alone move through it without cutting your way.

The natives in this neck of the woods used a lot of paint on their faces, red predominating. Owing to the fact that the Belgian government is operating several gold mines in this district, all roads and trails were in good state of repair. Our chief difficulties were bridges—bridges built to accommodate two tons over which we had to run a nine-ton generator, two seven-ton sound wagons, and each one of the thirty-five trucks weighing from four to five tons loaded. On nearly every occasion, reinforcement was necessary. We were our own engineers, and good jobs we did of it too, leaving bigger and better bridges behind us as we went.

The trouble with these bridges was that we could never tell how much of the interior of every girder was eaten away by white ants. The bridge might look sturdy enough to support a battleship, but in reality it would give way under a horse. That is why all railroad ties in Africa are made of steel. Africa, honeycombed with ants, is no place to leave wood lying around on the ground.

At last we reached camp. Signs and tokens were sent into the Ituri Forest to tell the pygmies we were there and had a lot of salt and were just dying to exchange some of it for a few of their poisoned arrows. Salt is valued very highly by the pygmies, and that is what they received for their day's work—a whole cupful of salt! Every pygmy within miles became affluent. A pygmy cares no more for salt than I do for a million dollars!



Edwina looks pleasant here, but she's not. At this moment she is suffering from (name the disease yourself) and asphyxiation. Her blond hair was ever a source of wonder and delight to the pygmies. The Chief seated in the foreground is the proud possessor of several cubes of salt—a mark of affluence and power in the Congo.

The signs and tokens were left around in the jungle for the simple reason that you could never tell where to find pygmies. They have no permanent villages. If they kill an elephant, a village is erected around the carcass. When the meat is all eaten by pygmies and maggots, they leave for parts unknown in the Ituri Forest, to come out only when sent for, and then only with the assurance that they will carry back into the forest with them a lot more salt and oil—olive oil preferably. But if there is a scarcity of that, motor oil will do. They will digest anything.

They are cute little fellows when they are happy. And the easiest way to keep them happy is by letting them have their own way in everything. By doing this you serve a double purpose. You make them happy and keep yourself intact. When they are not happy, you are not likely to be either.

A pygmy has one distinction above every other native in Africa, above every other animal of five continents, above every sulphur spring or city sewer, above our croc pool or African water holes—of all the smells I ever smelled, the pygmies have the smelliest smell. Their stench rises to the high heavens. It is not dirt or filth, because no filth or dirt could possibly smell as evil as they do.

I defy anyone to take any fifty men of any other nationality, creed, or color, confine them into one small warm room, and let me take one small diminutive pygmy and confine him in a room of the same size and temperature. If you can't smell the pygmy room four miles farther than the room with the other fifty men, you can have my head for a clam bake.

And we smell as badly, if not worse, to them. The white man has a very bad odor and animals will pick it up more quickly than that of a native. It is a sort of dead smell that we have and very disagreeable. It is in this manner that animals detect fear in a white man. The minute one becomes frightened, instant excretion from the pores, particularly under the arm, begins, and the animal's sensitive nose catches it at once. No matter how bold your appearance may be, or how fearless, the animal will get the smell of fear.

In one scene I had to go into the center of a group of two or three hundred pygmies to make Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth shut up, as they were screaming for gas masks. Before I got out again, I was nearly asphyxiated. But I will have to hand it to the pygmies, though, for seeming to possess more intelligence than I have found to date in any of the other natives I have run up against. They worked well and showed a certain dramatic sense that I was far from expecting from a people who are admittedly the wildest and most savage left in Africa. The government does not even try to control them. It cajoles them and gives them salt for being nice and not shooting any more whites or blacks than they are allowed on their yearly license.

Several microbes have dashed out their brains trying to penetrate the Ituri Forest. The pygmies dash through it with ease. After leaving the signs and tokens, then you wait for them to show up.

Finally two or three drift in, and if nothing happens to them, three or four hundred will eventually arrive on the scene and beat their drums and dance until in some manner you give them to understand that the show is over. Then they disappear faster than the proverbial Arab can think, to say nothing of folding his tent!

I will never forget the look of horror that came over the face of the first pygmy when he heard a voice in a phonograph. He stood for the music all right, but when suddenly a voice popped at him, he left for parts unknown and unknowable, and he and his family for generations to come will never be dragged out of the safeness and fastness of that dark, dank, moody, somber, awesome, and scary Ituri Forest. When white men put a man in a little box and make him screech at you, then it is time to get out of civilization and stay out.

The other natives of these parts have a system of signaling with drums that is as fast as our own wireless. When we arrived, the "D. C." told one of them to send for some fruit and vegetables for us. He went out and pounded a drum for a few minutes, and before the echoes had died away, natives came from every quarter with plantations on their heads.

It was here that the Congo had her final triumph. It rained and threatened more, so much so that I abandoned two other locations in the Congo that I would have liked to use.

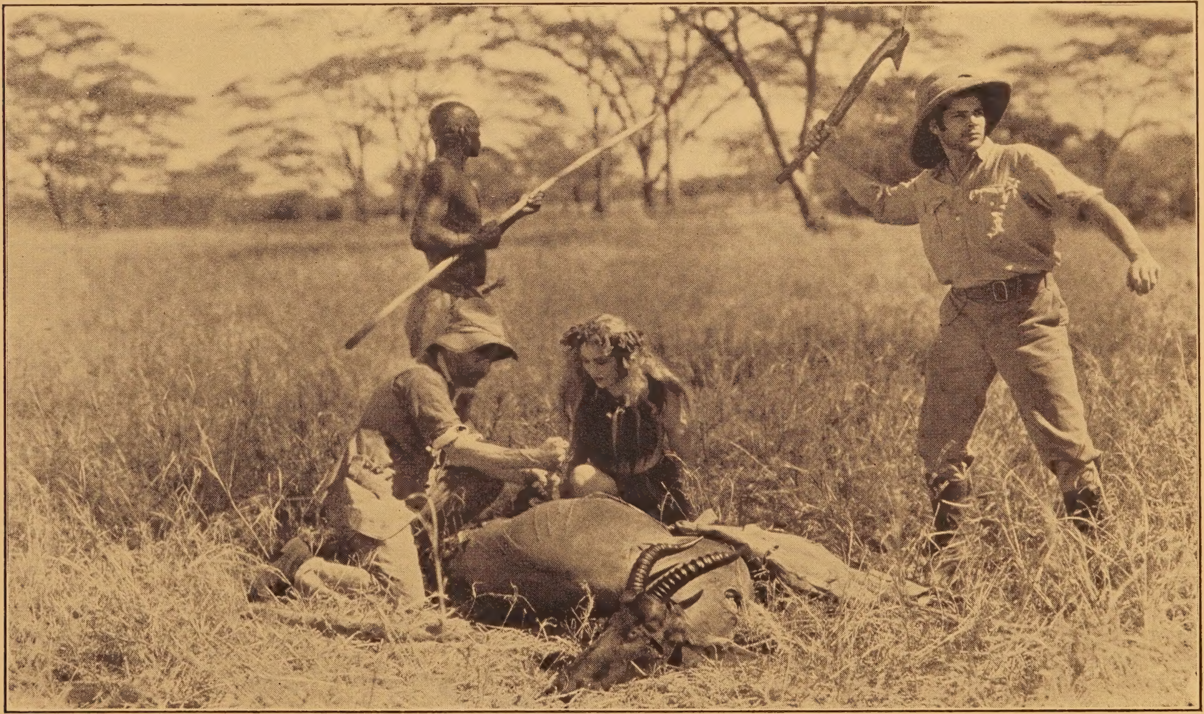
I sent word by wireless and runner to the unit I had left up north to connect with me at Rhino

Camp, and on the third day picked up my company and abandoned the Congo to herself, which is about the worst thing I could think of doing, with no recompense for the beautiful shots she had given me.

On the third day, both of my companies steamed into Rhino Camp almost simultaneously as if they were a couple of our own American trains running on schedule and on time. Buckler had a boat there waiting for us, and in no time at all we were headed up the White Nile, across Lake Albert, and the next day we were landing at Butiaba. Buckler and I celebrated the arrival in true British style and pitched camp at the top of the escarpment at what is known as the Prince of Wales Camp.

The next day we shot a few scenes in a dismal swamp half way between Butiaba and Misindi. I nearly lost a perfectly good umbrella bearer in this swamp. He stepped upon what looked like a perfectly good piece of solid ground, holding the umbrella over his head. He sank instantly and quickly, and in a moment nothing but the top of the umbrella was visible. We managed to yank it out and found him still hanging on to the other end.

And to show the peculiar caliber of the native mind and the queer working of his mentality, he wasn't so very scared. It had all happened far too fast for him to realize just what it was all about. The native mind cannot reach out and grasp a thing. The event must gradually sink in, and when it has had time to do that, it becomes



Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia Oomooloo standing over the body of a topi from which they had just driven three lions. They go on with the scene while the three lions sit not far off and wonder what foolishness this is. . . It was.

common to his mind and he thinks no more about it. Had I been that native, I would have laid myself on a stretcher and been carried instantly back to Hollywood.

CHAPTER XII

MORE NATIVE TROUBLE

It had not been my intention to continue on that night. We were on our way to Navagaba, ninety miles south of Entebbe. It was rather imperative that I arrive ahead of the company, as the exact location had not been selected and there was a great deal of preparation to be made before the company got there. Accordingly, about five o'clock that evening, my conscience began to hurt me. So grabbing a white hunter, I lit out that night, leaving the company to follow the next day.

All that night and part of next day we drove, eventually landing at Kampala for a few moments' rest. Then on to Entebbe and tea with the Governor. A few hours later, we were one hundred miles south of Entebbe and on the next location.

My absence from the Prince of Wales Camp led to a little bit of difficulty. My gun boy, Riano—one of the best in Africa, ex-sergeant of the King's African Rifles and three times medal man—took it into his head to take advantage of my absence and inhaled a lot of banana beer. Then taking out his long hunting knife, he proceeded to drive all of the native boys out of camp and was mentally debating the advisability of chasing the whites after them.

My assistant, "Red" Golden, made the mistake of coming out with a gun in his hand. "Red" is a rather lovable chap and well liked by everyone. One cannot in his broadest stretch of imagination imagine "Red" Golden shooting anything or anybody. Of course the gun was a bluff and of course the natives knew it.

The minute they see a man take hold of a gun they know, first, whether he can use one and, next, if he actually intends to do so. It took them but a second to learn that "Red" and a gun had no more than a casual speaking acquaintance and that he had no intention whatever of actually using it. Consequently the only reaction on the part of the natives was a big laugh, and "Red" complained to me two or three days later about the incident.

I gave him imperative instruction never to pull a gun until he meant to use it, then to use it on something, even if it was no more than to shoot a black's leg off. I did not learn about this incident until the company had caught up with me at Lake Navagaba, and will get to the final result a little later.

Finding a location admirably suited to our purposes was easy, but finding one which presented no difficulties in getting a troupe and equipment to, was not so good. In this instance, a difficulty presented itself in the form of a twelve-foot ridge of solid rock extending in semi-circular manner from the shore of the lake from one point to the shore of the lake at another point. A natural barricade sixteen feet high against any invasion to that point of the lake representing the center of this arc, was the identical spot I had to find best suited to my purposes.

Against everybody's advice and over everybody's dire prognostications, my staff loaded the equipment on their heads and climbed over the barricade. Then Ralph Morgan, my chief technical man, unearthed some dynamite and black powder we had brought from Hollywood and sneaked through the British Customs. A short time later the natives for miles around were startled by the rumbling roar of a huge blast. The next afternoon my trucks plowed through the cut in the ridge we had made, and again we were on an impossible location, with every man and woman and every ounce of equipment.

It was at this point that I learned the trouble the company had with the gun boy. All of the blacks began rumbling more or less anyway. So the next morning bright and early, I assembled them by tribes. I had them appoint their own spokesmen, listened to their woes which were infinite, granted some of their requests, gave them hell for even presuming to ask for other things, culled out about sixteen of them to send back, then summoned my gun boy and had him stand a shining mark in the middle of the big circle.

There I dressed him up the back and down the front, having every word I spoke interpreted in their several languages. I told him it was optional with him and a matter of indifference to me whether he stayed with the safari or went home, but that if he intended to stay, the next time I caught him taking a drink of anything intoxicating, I would personally give him forty lashes with a "kiboko," and that the next time he drew a knife on anyone in the company, I would take it away from him and cut one of his ears off.

I fully expected him to leave, as the humiliation before all these other blacks is something which a Masai will seldom stand for. Much to my surprise he decided to stay. I then presented him with a knife much larger, heavier, and keener than the one he owned.

He must have been duly impressed, because from that day to this—which is months later—I have never known him to take a drink or to give the least bit of trouble to anyone. For a long while after this, there was never a dissenting voice among the natives, and they seemed to perk up and present a readier spirit in their work.

Then began the job of building what was to be the largest village in the picture, the big ju-ju village of the Isorga. I had accumulated a great many real human skulls, and before leaving Hollywood, I had had three or four hundred skulls made of papier-mache. With these I decorated the village, and every native of the district left the country. They were sure that we were killing people and throwing their bodies into the lake. One big fine-looking fellow, who was going to take the part of the King in the village, even got sick and went to the hospital so that there would be no chance for him to enter that village. I was three weeks enticing three or four hundred natives to come to this area to work.

From my diary of August 16: "Doctor advises Morgan a very sick man. Should be sent home immediately. Mrs. Carey very ill and sent to hospital in Kampala. About fifty natives in bed with fever. Ate no supper."

And from diary of October 18: "Still raining.

Little done. Sound crew man, Mesh, down with fever and sent to hospital at Nairobi. Miss Chippo ill, but stuck to camp."

Before the village was finished, Morgan, my technical man, was taken very seriously ill and had to be sent to the hospital. The doctor ordered him to be sent back to the states. However, my old staff took up the job and finished the work Morgan started, although it made double duty for them.

In the meantime, again between showers we managed to get a few outside scenes in the beautiful forest surrounding the lake, but it was like pulling teeth. Bad weather was persistently and consistently following us all over Africa.

Owing to the rough travel, our sound wagons were gradually falling to pieces. Consequently, a great many scenes had to be shot without sound, and we had to depend upon synchronizing them in Hollywood, as the weather and one thing or another was keeping me too long on this location.

Shortly after Morgan was taken down, Mrs. Carey became ill and went to Nairobi to undergo a dangerous operation. This worried me on account of Harry Carey. I knew he was ready to jump and go to his wife at any moment, and while I did not blame him, I knew that such a move would be rather disastrous to the company.

I had about eight different tribes in camp, some of whom hated each other like poison. One night it was necessary for me to throw a shell into the trees over their heads to remind them all that it was bedtime. The next night, it was necessary for me to go rambling among their huts and gently admonish a few of them with the toe of my boot that the night was meant for sleeping and not for murder.

About this time, the Governor of Uganda thought a little faster than I did, and one morning about sixteen or twenty Iscari showed up at camp with orders to bed down in the vicinity until we were through shooting there. I welcomed them with open arms, took them to my bosom, and had them pitch their camp right in the middle of my own. Their orders were to take orders from me until further notice, and it was their presence in camp that probably kept us from a lot of serious and dangerous trouble as the location wore on.

Again the weather licked me eventually. I decided to pull stakes and leave. One of the hardest things I had to do in Africa was to make a decision. There was no one to whom I could call for advice, and each decision meant thousands of dollars to my company one way or another. It would have been a great joy could I have called on one of my executives and shoved the responsibility upon him. Very likely I made several very serious mistakes. We will never know, but what was done was done with the best intentions in the world and a clear conscience.

One of my white hunters, Mr. Waller—the man who had safaried the Duke of Connaught through Africa, who had had complete charge of my camp and its commissary, and who had done a darn good job of it—decided at this point that he had had enough. Another white hunter by the name of Stanton decided to stick with Waller, and it took a lot of gab and diplomacy to keep them on the job.

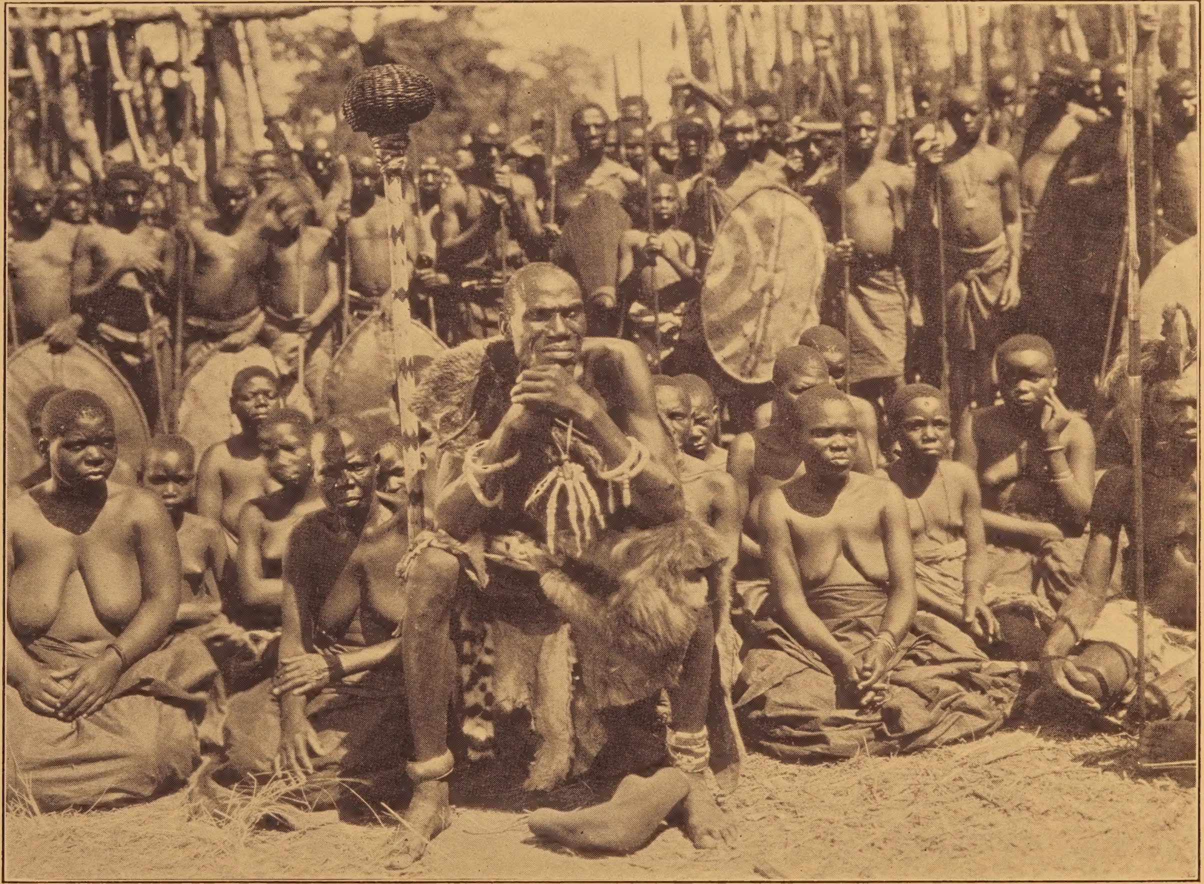
I knew what the trouble was. These men were white hunters, not laborers nor hotel keepers, and the long months of doing this sort of work was beginning to wear on them. They were beginning to want their guns against their shoulders and to feel the shock. In other words, they wanted action and were tired of camp life.

To save the morale of the camp and also to retain their services, I decided to do some animal stuff next. Again leaving a small unit in charge of "Red" Golden to finish some odd shots here and there, we pulled out and high-tailed it for the Serengeti plains. We had to pass Nairobi again on the way.

Arriving there in a perfect lather, I first took care to have my guns sighted and gone over to see that they were in perfect shape. Then as there was nothing to do for the moment, I went up to the hotel for the night.

The next morning I put out in an auto and went to look at locations at Thika and Donya Sebok. Got them straightened out, lay around the town while they were preparing and repairing our next safari, and in the course of another three or four days, we were off for Tanganyika, the land of wild animals, where rhinos take the place of mosquitoes and lions grow on every bush.

Two miles out of town, two of my lorries broke down and had to be sent back. That day we crossed the Rift Valley, a valley that is literally seeded with human bones, as it is the old slave



One of our little pet playmates and a few of his wives. He did very well by himself. I was never sure whether or not all the people standing behind him were his children. And I don't think he knew.

route through Africa. It starts somewhere down around Cape Town, crosses the entire length of Africa, runs in under the Red Sea, and on up and into Asia. The first night we camped at the south pole—or the north pole—whichever spot is cooler. Before the night was half gone, I had shaken all my ribs loose from my breast bone.

Talk about Africa and its tropical heat! The only heat there was in Africa on that night was in my language. When I left camp the next morning, I had extra underwear, overwear, eighteen blankets, and two campfires wrapped around me. By noon I had nothing on but B. V. D.'s and they looked like a wash rag. It got so hot that it broke my thermometer and took all the temper out of the blades of my pocket knife.

Shot my first tommy and steinbok on this night and ate them, but the meat is not so good as our good old venison. We stayed at Klein's Camp, so called because a white hunter put up two huts on government land in Tanganyika and managed to get a resident's hunting license for that reason when he is actually a resident of Kenya. But the government is now wise to him and threatens to make it a little tough for him.

CHAPTER XIII

SERENGETI PLAINS

The next day after a few more miles of what they call a road, we arrived at our destination on the north end of the Serengeti plains just in time to shoo two lions out of the place where we made our camp. They were nice, peaceable, law-abiding lions and offered no resistance. On that account I shot a topi and a hartebeest to lay out where the lions could have a nice evening meal. Of course it occurred to me also that it might help to keep them hanging around in case I wanted some pictures of them. When I tried to go to sleep that night, I was sorry I had been so big hearted.

Game in Tanganyika is thicker than ants, and that is saying something. While on the Tanganyika territory location, I saw thousands of dik-dik, tommy, grant, impala, reed buck, bush buck, roan buck, eland, wildebeest, hartebeest, topi, zebra, giraffe, steinbok, lion, rhino, fox, jackal, hyena, wart hog, and what have you.

We did not arrive in camp without a casualty, however. In crossing a dry creek one of my trucks got stuck as usual. In getting it out, one of my natives lost two or three fingers getting his hand jammed between the back wheel and a rock which he was stuffing under the wheel to keep the big truck from losing the few feet we had shoved it up the hill when the engine stalled.

As we came through Kilimanfasa, the tsetse fly began literally eating us up, and we casually learned that forty people in this camp including two whites had died of sleeping-sickness in the last year. I had never seen the flies so thick and fervently hoped never to see them so thick again, but I did, and then some!

It was some days before the rest of the troupe caught up with me. I expected to find my two sound trucks being brought along in baskets. As a matter of fact, I would have taken a bet of even money that they would never get through. Again I reckoned without my staff and they got there. One by one, truck after truck showed up.

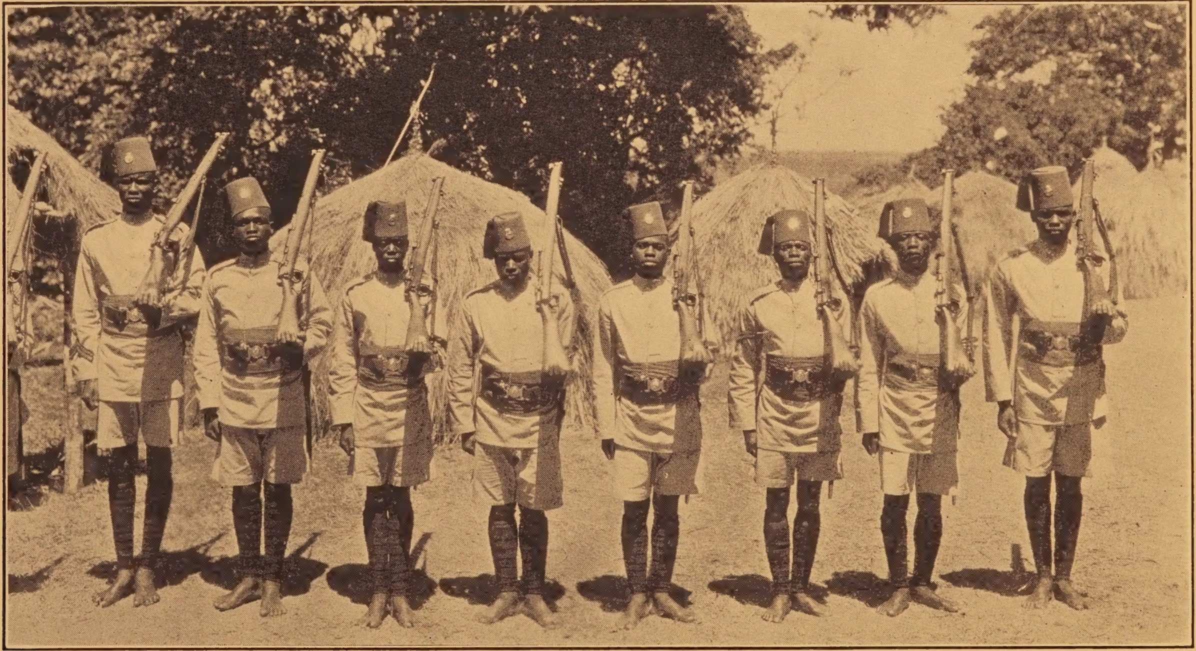
I had come to this location primarily for lion shots in the picture, and there were plenty of lions. Having obtained a good look at three or four, I decided that hereafter my activities would be confined to society dramas.

They are noble big beasts, and no matter how scared you become, you can't help but admire them. They will walk out before God and man, roar in your face, and want to know what you are going to do about it. There is nothing slinky nor sneaky about lions, and they evidently have a certain code which they rigidly observe as far as other animals are concerned. I have seen wildebeest, hartebeest, zebra, and topi actually grazing within fifty or seventy-five yards of lions and paying no attention to them. They seem to know the lion is not hunting. Then at other times, you can't get them within a thousand yards of a spot where lions are known to be. Just before a lion starts hunting, he will often let out a roar that shakes the earth, as if warning everything and everybody to look out.

I love the big cats. It is no wonder they are called the king of beasts. They have such a regal noble bearing. It is my understanding that a tiger can whip a lion. I have been told that often, and still do not believe it. I believe a tiger of good size will weigh upward of six or seven hundred pounds. I have known of a lion weighing over a thousand pounds to hop over a five-foot boma fence with a full-grown steer. I have seen a young lion trot off with a big topi that had taken five of us to drag into place.

I know of several instances where tigers have killed lions in captivity. I think this is probably due to the fact that captivity makes the tiger more ferocious but acts inversely with the lion, or else captivity affects the health and stamina of the lion more than it does the tiger. If a full-grown tiger were to meet a full-grown lion out on the African veldt land, I would unhesitatingly place my money on the lion.

In hunting game, the lion will always run in pairs or more. Usually from five to nine or eleven lions will hunt together. One lion will attack, driving the game on to other lions. And that is why all the buck in Africa, particularly the impala, sometimes leap high in the air every three or four jumps. They are trying to see ahead in the grass to find out where the other lions are. They know very well where the one is that is already chasing them, but where those other crouching engines of death are stationed ahead of them, they don't know. They've got to get above the grass in order to see.



Iscari, the King's crack African Rifles, and there is no better fighting force in the world nor more loyal. In times of peace they act as Africa's Royal North West Mounted Police with just as fine a reputation. Their only mounts are shanks' mares.

A lion will very seldom attack when unprovoked, unless it is a female with cubs. Then she will come rolling along like a whirling ball of fire at forty to forty-five miles an hour. Woe betide any hunter that fails to stop her!

We had not been in camp a day until three or four nice big lions were discovered over in the bend of the dry river not over two hundred yards from camp. That night we set out a kill. The next morning, the lions were there but the kill was gone. I immediately ordered the hunters to lay out another kill.

Feeling that my presence was neither essential nor necessary in completing this little operation, I returned to the safety and quiet of the camp. I was reclining heroically upon my cot when that idiotic Dickinson showed up and said that the lions were not only still there but seemed to have no intention of going away and were annoying them by trying to get at the kill before they had a chance to set it out.

Accordingly I arose, slipped on an extra shirt with some big idea that I would make it as tough for the lions as I could, collected Carey, Renaldo, and Edwina Booth and out we started to do a few dramatic scenes with African lions. We arrived at the camera car, which was still on that location. Sure enough, there were the lions not a hundred yards the other side of the camera car.

One big fellow came stalking out of the bush and went over to where the gang had laid a dead topi. He stood over the dead animal with his tail lashing back and forth, looking seriously around for his playmates as if to say, "Dinner is ready." Of course he knew we were there. He saw us but just wasn't afraid. I think he was a little bored.

I wedged in between camera cases, film boxes, and my staff. I gallantly ordered Carey, Renaldo, and Edwina Booth to charge the lion and drive him off the carcass, and the idiots did.

At this particular juncture of the picture, they are supposed to be without their firearms and had nothing but clubs. Perhaps it was this psychology that got the lion's goat. When he looked up and saw three Hollywood actors charging down upon him, yelling like madmen and waving inoffensive clubs, he gave a grunt of disgust and walked away.

I immediately climbed out from behind my barricade and charged after him for a few inches. He had collected a couple of his pals and sat over in the edge of the brush, and all three of them very interestingly watched me shoot a scene while Harry, with Renaldo, Renchero, and Edwina Booth standing guard, cut a nice fat steak from the topi. I have never had more alert and keenly interested spectators. By and by, they became bored and walked off into the brush.

Not wishing to frighten them away or annoy them too much as I had yet several scenes to do with them, we withdrew and went back into camp, leaving them the topi. They evidently thought that the picture was over, because that night they pulled out of camp and we didn't see them again.

I left the main camp on this spot with instructions to my staff and white hunters to keep feeding lions, welcome them to the camp, do everything they could to amuse their idle hours, but with positively no shooting. I then took a small unit and high-tailed it to the Southern Waseniri to have a try at some buffalo, rhino, and some other game such as roan buck, of which I had not yet gotten shots for the picture.

It might be well to mention here that the day before leaving camp, a horrible, jangling, clanging reached my ears. Emerging from my tent, I beheld an old Ford of the vintage of 1912 rolling into camp. Closer observation proved that it was held together by wire, buckskin and elephant hair. The worn-out tires were stuffed with straw and grass, and got along quite comfortably. I don't know what they used for gas, or rather what he used, as there was only one white man aboard, accompanied by two blacks.

He uncoiled himself gradually and by degrees, and came rambling into camp with a huge smile and a monocle. I forgot the man's name but he was the son of somebody or other—of course, he had to be. He had an Etonian or Oxfordian or Cambridgian drawl and dialect.

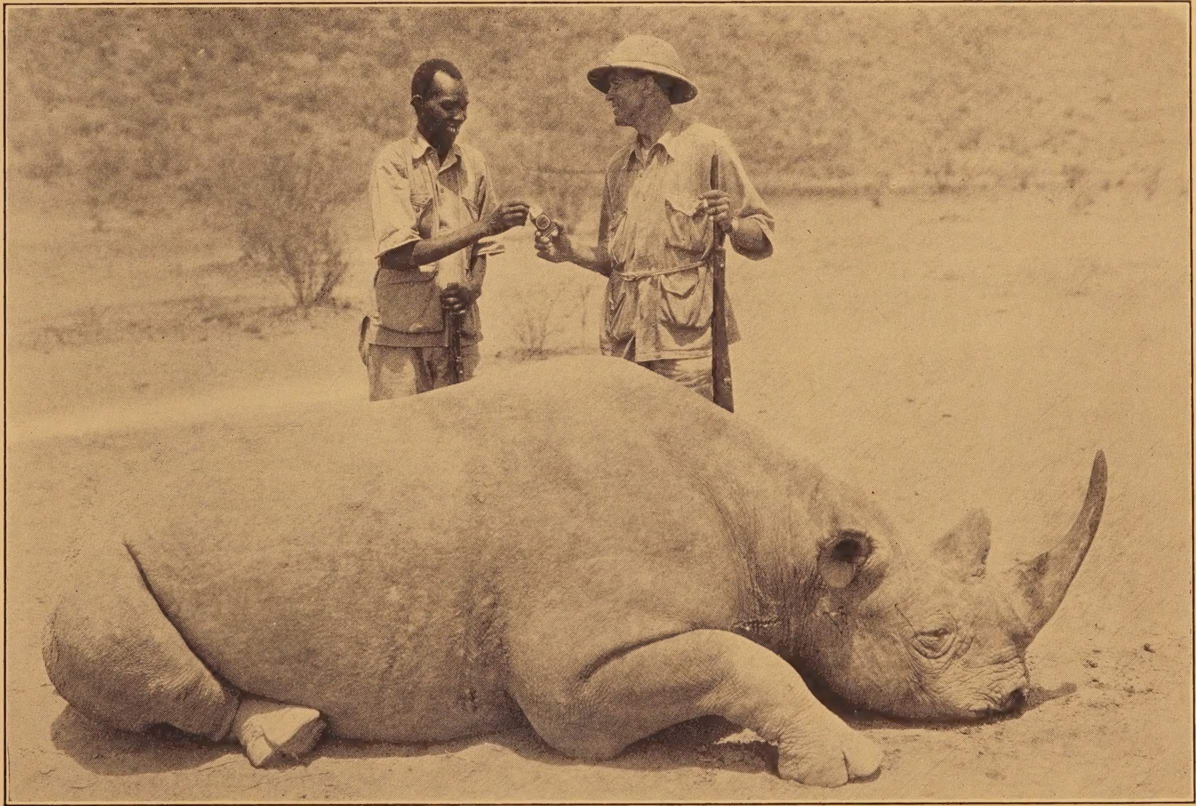
Introduced himself in a careless, jovial manner and stated that he was jolly well pleased to meet us and wanted to talk to one of the white hunters in regard to lion country. He had started out to walk across Africa, entering on the west coast and coming through the Belgian Congo. Somewhere before getting into English territory, he had met a friend with whom he had made a bet that he would shoot one elephant, one rhino, one buffalo, and one lion before reaching the east coast and sailing for home.

Somewhere on the Tanganyikan border, he had found this old Ford which someone had thrown away, and having a tender nature, had suffered such genuine distress on seeing the poor, old, lonely thing all by itself out on the great prair-ee that he had invited it along with his party.

He was a breezy good-natured chap—oh, quite!—and cheerioed every sun-downer with a gusto—rather! The fact that he had walked across the Belgian Congo was apparently something not worth a second's thought. Englishmen always walk—it is their national pastime. Rain or shine an Englishman must walk.

He had come up with jolly few adventures and the country rather bored him—oh, rather! Had he shot any of the animals upon which he had made the bet? Again—oh, rather! He had his elephant, his rhino, and his buffalo. All that remained was a lion. He had sat up all night at a water hole waiting for them, and the only thing he had seen was a small jackal. Wasn't that precious? Well, cheerio, and another sun-downer bit the dust.

I looked at his gun. The only thing he had was one double-barreled gun of about 400 or 450 caliber and no front sight. He explained that the jolly old fowling piece had been at it so long that it required no effort upon the part of the hunter to aim it. It aimed itself, you know. Oh, quite! Cheerio!



This poor fellow died hard and gave us a few very unpleasant moments. I expected to get a large block of stock from the Lucky Strike people when I sent them this picture. They mailed me six packages.

I took a hasty inventory of our liquor supply and was rather doubtful if we could hold out. It all depended upon how many more cheerios he had in his system.

Now there is a peculiar code in Africa that one hunter will never violate the territory where another hunter is camped. They set a mythical dead line of approximately ten miles, with the camp as center, to the circumference of a circle. Now was it possible that one of our jolly old hunters could inform him about where outside of this circle he might have at a lion? He would be jolly well grateful.

Dickinson thought deeply and sternly. Eventually his face lit up with a happy idea. He gave the man some directions which I could easily follow, as I had been on the exact locality not four days previous and we had seen no lion or sight of lion for miles. However, the directions were beautiful, and was he grateful? Well, rather. Cheerio! And he was as sober as the moment he had arrived.

Finally the man arose and I was sure I could hear the Scotch sloshing around in his interior. He achieved a gallant bow to the ladies, however, hiccoughed an enthusiastic cheerio, and climbed into the front seat of his poor old heap. One of the blacks seized the crank. There was a low rumbling noise, a chuck, a spit, and a loud report. I tried to catch the black as he came flying through the air past me. We picked him up some yards distant and found that fortunately no bones were broken. The Englishman was looking on in bland surprise and offered an explanation. "Most peculiar fellow, you know. Oh, quite! Picked him up in the Congo. The car never had liked him."

One of my electricians climbed up beside him and retarded the spark as the Englishman muttered, "Peculiar thing, I never did know what that thing was for."

One of my boys cranked the wagon which heaved and shook like something with the advance stages of ague. Again the gallant Englishman lifted his hat to the ladies of the company, threw the car into gear, and backed over the black whom the engine had kicked the moment or two previous, and who was then leaning against the tail board of the machine. Again no bones were broken, and we threw him into the car on top of a few gears, spark plugs, cylinder heads and what not, that had already fallen out of the car and had been picked up on the way. About twelve miles distant the noise of the poor old "Lizzie" died out.

The next morning, we started for the Southern Waseniri and its head waters called the Duma River. Roads soon petered out, and again we were just crossing Africa, but this time the weather was dry and the ground firm, so firm that it was like driving over interspersed layers of brick. I think it was on this trip that I shook out my wisdom teeth.

Game was on every hand. At one time, five cheetah rose up before us, but by this time everyone automatically shook when getting out of the car, and before I could get my nerves down to the point of sighting a gun, the cheetah were in the bush and out of sight. Wildebeest were on every hand in herds of hundreds and thousands. Zebra would insist upon running ahead and to the windward of us so that we were continually driving through a cloud of dust. The weather got hot and hotter, but by this time we were more or less accustomed to the sun. It was rather a rare sight now to see somebody's knees suddenly knock together and give way.

Along about two o'clock, way out there in the center of African bush, we came on a camp. I forget the white hunter's name, but the man whom he had out was a Smith from Beverly Hills, California, and not ten blocks from where I live. We had quite a chat. He knew a number of people I knew. We had a few things in common, including sun-downers. Finally we poured ourselves back into the car and were off again after vowing we would meet each other back in the states and talk Africa. I haven't seen him since and probably never will, but way out there on a half acre of a continent six or seven times larger than the United States, I would meet the man.

CHAPTER XIV

CAMP ON THE DUMA

We finally got to camp late that evening and much to our joy found plenty of water. As the water hole was deep, the water was pretty good, much better than we had been drinking. You could hardly smell it at all. About fifty feet from my tent was a huge palm tree very much like those you would see along Hollywood Boulevard, and playing, twittering, and nesting in its top were a thousand birds which we back in the states call love birds, a kind of miniature parrot.

This looked like a great game country to me, and I was very happy when we got up early next morning and started out. Game was there all right, but it was timid, continually on the move, and you couldn't get close enough for any effective camera shooting. Very soon we discovered the reason.

Reaching a water hole, we found blinds completely circling it. The natives were killing game by the thousands of head with poisoned arrows, building blinds of grass around the water hole and shooting the game as they came down to the water. The poison in the barb will knock the animal down well within ten minutes' time and does not in the least affect the meat which remains perfectly eatable. But it is not for the meat that this game is slaughtered. The savage takes nothing but the tail, of which he makes a fly switch to sell to tourists.

In Africa there is a disease among the animals called the rinder-pest. It is a form of sleeping-sickness carried by the tsetse fly among the animals. It kills thousands of head of game every year, but it is not enough that the fly themselves should kill the game. They are indirectly responsible for the slaughter through poisoned arrows of other thousands of head of game every year because the native finds it profitable in the way of fly switches to keep these flies off the tourists.

Of course this practice is forbidden by the government, and several natives every year are sent to jail, which doesn't matter so much, as they have a lot of friends in jail and a good time is usually enjoyed by all. We found this condition existing in an area fully twenty miles wide.

The game soon began to know that water holes were dangerous. As they must have water, it was up to them to seek it elsewhere and they did. We destroyed several of these blinds with fire and drove about twenty natives out of the country. We went far up stream where the river became entirely dry and the animals were digging holes in the bottom, letting water seep in, and even here we found blinds.

We saw only three buffalo in this territory and they were galloping out of the country, never giving us a chance for any shots. Then we located our first rhino standing quietly under the shade of a tree and half asleep. We maneuvered around until we had three cameras in position with the actors out in front and everything set for the most beautiful shot of a rhino charge ever photographed. He wasn't a large bull as rhinos go, but being the first I had come in actual contact with, he looked a great deal like one of those big mountain engines that haul freight over the Rockies.

I immediately located four nice convenient trees. True, they were thorn trees, and although the thorns were sharper than the rhino's horns, I figured they would not penetrate quite so deeply. All our preparations were made in whispers and signs. We all moved slowly and cautiously. Everyone's heart was in his throat, except Dickinson's and Stanton's.

Stanton was another white hunter I had brought along with me. I never saw a man more thoroughly contemptuous of animals than this man Stanton, and I had not been out of Africa two weeks until this same contempt led him into the arms of a leopard and put him into the hospital for four months. But to get back to my story, these two men were rather bored.

When everything was set and I was practically within touch of any one of the four trees, I commandingly made the motion which ordered my gallant actors to charge the animal. Slowly they started forward. Cameras began cranking. The rhino was still half asleep. From a point of safety, I coughed to wake him up. He moved. My actors kept steadily going forward. He moved again, turned around, and looked very hard at them.

By this time, I had reached the first branch of a tree. At any moment now he would come, and on the film I would have a thrilling charge of one of the most dangerous beasts in Africa with actors actually out in front taking the charge. I crawled up to the second limb so that I could see better.

Then that idiotic son of a paleozoologic ancestor turned and ran away, keeping all the bush of Africa between himself and the camera, thereby losing an opportunity of becoming a moving picture star of international renown, and causing me a great deal of choice anathema I was saving for a rainy day.

I literally jumped to the ground from the fifth limb and bawled the tar out of my actors, but the dirty work was done and I had nothing on the film but the backs of two good actors and an indistinct shape moving off through the brush. We tried to find him again the next day but without avail.

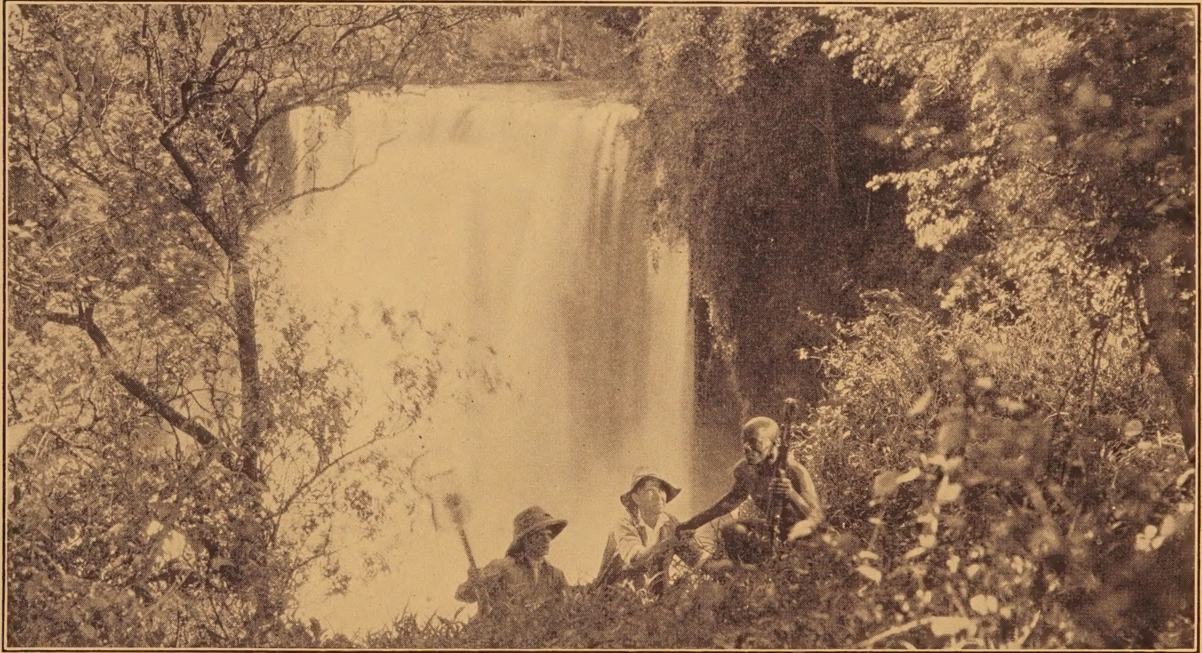
While we were looking for him, a peculiar thing happened. A zebra was standing off to one side watching us, with his ears thrown forward. Suddenly he dropped to the ground as if someone had hit him with a sledge hammer. The rinderpest had knocked him down in a twinkling of an eye.

On our way back, we ran across three lions. I did not bother much about going after them, as I fully expected to have plenty of lion around our other camp when we returned. But as all of the boys were anxious to get a lion, I stopped the car and sent them out with Dickinson and Stanton to try for one. They galloped after those lion like a lot of kids after a rabbit. But the lions high-tailed it into the thick bush, and Dickinson did not care to take so many boys with so many guns into the thick bush all at once.

On our way back to camp, we saw another startling thing. A big baboon was racing along in front of us with something in its mouth, while a female tommy was flashing back and forth across his trail and around him. Even Dickinson was startled into ejaculating, "I believe he has the tommy's young." I knocked the baboon over and found that to be true. The poor little baby tommy had just been born and the baboon had stolen it.

We could not tell whether the little thing had been injured or not. It was very weak, but that may have been caused by its extreme youth. We tried to shoo it back to its mother but only succeeded in scaring the mother farther away. Finally we left it, hoping the mother would return. Whether she did or not, we never knew. That is one of the thousands of tragedies occurring in Africa almost every hour. Everything lives on everything else, and it is truly an intensified survival of the fittest. However, baboons were not known as game eaters, and Dickinson rather thought that the baboon was viciously teasing the tommy.

I had brought up to this camp a huge steel cage with a trap door, hoping to bait some animals and catch them alive. The trap was set with some juicy meat and stood out in the bush for four days. Not an animal would come near it. I would not use the steel-jawed trap on account of the horror



At the top of the Thika Falls. Another African torrent which represents enough power to light all of Kenya Colony. It is a pity this picture was not taken in color. There were several rainbows holding petting parties in the spray.

of thinking of an animal dangling therein with a broken leg. As any spring traps that would kill the animal were useless to me, I gave up the idea altogether of trying to trap anything.

It looked like rain. So I ordered the camp struck, as I wanted to get back to the main camp before the wet weather hit us. It was a race which the weather almost won. Ahead of us it had rained considerably, and most of the way we pushed the trucks back to camp. In wet African soil traction is impossible, even with chains. A caterpillar will stand still on soggy soil, but by this time we were accustomed to making mules out of ourselves anyway. As we drew near the big camp, I began to look for sign of lion and game. Found the game scarcer than ever and saw no lion nor sight of them.

Arriving in camp late and somewhat out of temper, I learned that during my absence Harry Carey and Waller had been out lion hunting and shot one. The Englishman with the rattletrap had been back, shot another, and wounded still another. As a consequence, the lion had departed for parts unknown. Was I mad? Not very! Did I say much? Not much!

CHAPTER XV

M. G. M. GOES HUNTING

As the location was ruined, I gave everybody permission to take a day off and go hunting, hoping that some of them would shoot each other. Wanting a nice giraffe's hide, I took my gun boy and decided to go farther afield and see if I could not locate a nice big bull. We all lit out about the same time. In a few moments it sounded like the Battle of the Marne all over again.

Decided to go still farther afield. After about two miles, I heard shooting directly ahead of me. Coming into an open space, I saw a large topi galloping along but could see that he was sick. Directly behind him came a truck containing Renaldo. The truck stopped. Renaldo got out, sighted a rifle, banged away, hit Mr. Topi, but Mr. Topi continued to lope along a little farther.

Renaldo got back into the car, and the car came after the topi. Pretty soon the topi stopped, and Renaldo got out, walked a few paces from the car, sighted the rifle, and shot again. This time the topi fell down, but got up and started on again. Renaldo got back into the car and started after the topi. Soon the topi fell down and stayed down, resting there and watching the car approach. Renaldo and the white hunter got out of the car, walked up to the topi and introduced themselves. The topi acknowledged the introduction and fell over dead.

I cut off at an angle from the way they were going, and finally with my glasses located a big bull about a mile distant. The underbrush was such that I could get within a hundred yards or so of him before he could possibly see me, and the wind was right. I had gotten pretty close and was just about to step out into the open when bang, bang, bang on my right, and again Renaldo's car showed up on the side hill. This time I think he was knocking over a grant's gazelle, but he might just as well have shot at the giraffe, as my quarry started to leave immediately.

Cursing Renaldo like mad, I kept after the giraffe. Finally caught up with him, when once again Renaldo cut loose. I think that giraffe is running yet. Giving a sigh of despair, I turned around and started for home.

About one hundred fifty yards ahead a large leopard was sitting on the ground looking in the direction from which the firing came. Resolving this time that he should not get away, I began creeping slowly forward, and just as I was on the point of bringing my gun to my shoulder, my gun boy tripped over a rock and fell. That leopard leaped so far that he vanished in thin air. I sent several shells in his general direction hoping for a hit, but it was futile. Got mad and shot a tommy and headed for home.

Getting back into camp, I found it looking like a Chicago stockyard. Truck after truck was coming in with game of all kinds, sorts, and descriptions. Altogether thirty-seven animals had been killed that afternoon.

Knowing it would be useless on this location to try to get more scenes of lions with actors working in the scene at the same time, I gave everyone permission to go lion hunting, giving distinct instructions to bring back the carcasses, as I would use them in a scene with my actors.

Then with Dickinson and a couple of cameramen, I lit out to a place where Dickinson thought there might still be some lions. There were. We found three but they were very nervous, and on sighting us, they started running. Dickinson tried to bring down a beautiful black-maned beast but only succeeded in wounding him and he headed into the brush.

Of course it was up to us to go after him and put him out of his misery. For three or four hours, we trailed that lion through the dense brush. As a matter of fact, the brush was so thick that I fully expected that either Dickinson or I would feel the weight of the lion before we got out. So I ordered "Red" Golden to stay a few yards behind us with a small camera and try to get the shot if the lion got either Dickinson or myself.

We had gone probably fifty yards when looking back of me, I beheld "Red" with a camera pressed forward, almost stepping on my heels and the lens almost punching me in the back. The most he could have gotten would have been an enlarged photograph of the spine-pad on my safari shirt. I ordered him to stay farther back and he did, but how much courage it took for him to stay a few yards away from our guns, no one will ever know but "Red." But he had just that much courage.

At times we were so close to the beast that his odor was very apparent. He was bleeding profusely and smelled like a good old American butcher shop. Hour after hour went on, with us creeping step by step through the grass.

Finally the lion rose a few feet back and off to one side. That wounded lion made a jump of eighteen feet straight into the air to the top of the river bank. We had evidently passed him so close that we might have touched him by extending our rifle at arm's length, but so thick was the brush that we had not seen him. And don't think I wasn't alert.

The only reason I can give for his not jumping us was that he was probably very sick and all the mad was out of him, but it was a thrill that I shall remember for a long time to come. We tried to keep after him, but his wounds dried up, and again we lost the blood trail and had to let him go.

Discouraged, we went back to camp and were overjoyed to learn that Edwina Booth had shot a nice lion and Eddie Cornwall, my generator man, had shot another. I raced to where the carcasses were and found the natives just finishing skinning the animals. I gave one howl of despair and fainted.

Next morning we were on our way back to Nairobi and the next location, which was the village I had left them building up at Thika. On the way back, we located two lion cubs which perked up my spirits some, as I needed lion cubs in the picture. So we took these two along with us on to Nairobi. This time while in town I acted circumspectly and went to a picture show.

Had made up my mind to shoot another village sequence for two reasons: Up to date, I had taken many chances with my actors. They had worked with the crocs, the hippo, the elephant, the buffalo, the rhino, and the lion. They had all felt the sun, the fever, the tsetse, and had drunk the vile water, and we were all still alive and kicking and without a scratch.

I still had a great deal of animal stuff to do but resolved not to tempt fate any longer with my actors, as I had much shooting to do with them yet, even after getting back to Hollywood, in the way of close-ups and dialogue stuff. At the conclusion of the village sequence, I could dispense with them and send almost the entire organization home, reserving only a small unit in Africa and using doubles for the rest of the animal stuff. I was beginning to feel the responsibility, and it was becoming tougher and tougher.

Another reason was that I wanted to cut down the camp on account of the animals themselves. Our wind was too strong. It made the animals timid and nervous, and they were hard to get to. With a smaller camp, I could accomplish much more.

CHAPTER XVI

GAME STORIES TRUE AND OTHERWISE

A great deal has been written about African animals, some of which I found to be partially, and in some instances, wholly untrue. So it might be well at this point to tell you something of African animals as we found them.

We will begin with leopards, the hardest of all African game to come upon. They are extremely nervous and very hard to find in the day time, and when wounded, they are dangerous. They are quick as a flash, capable of hiding behind a blade of grass or flattening themselves until they look like part of the African landscape.

Wounded, they immediately start for the thick bush. Without fail, you will always start after them, and without fail again, you will always have them all over you. Paul Rainey once killed one with his bare hands. Of course the animal was wounded, but that is the nearest approach I know of to Samson and the Lion. Leopards will always wait for you to come after them, seeming to know that eventually you will pick up their blood trail and follow. They are cunning and like a flash of light in their movement.

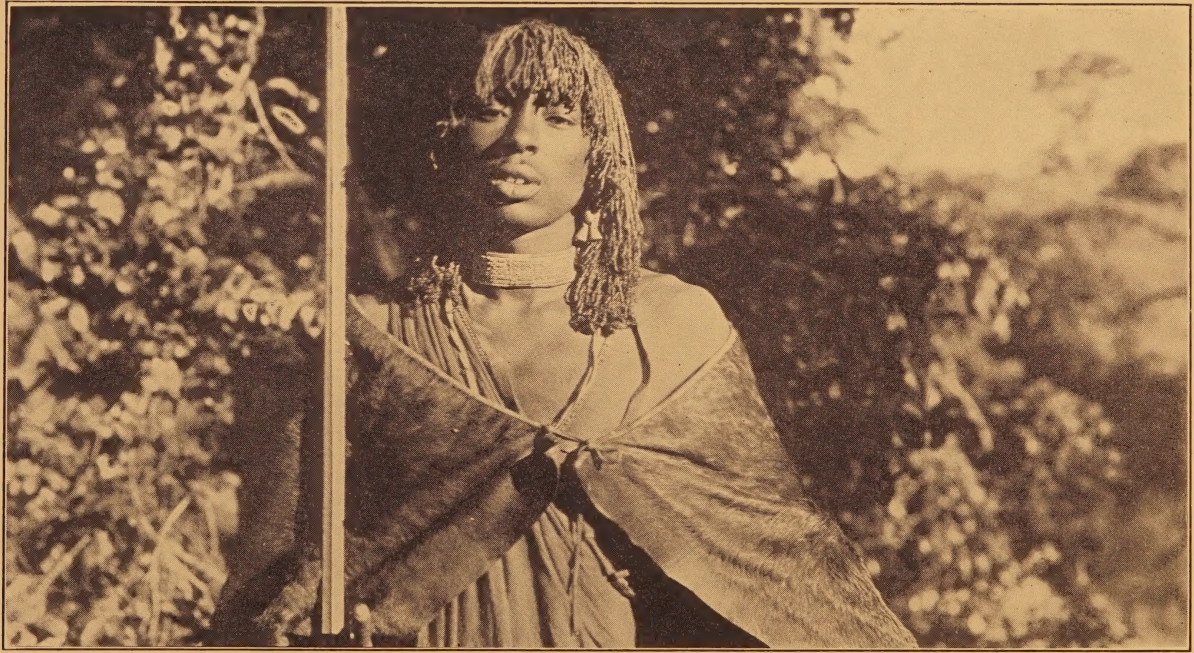
Shortly after I left Africa, one of my white hunters, Stanton, was out with a shooting safari. One of his party wounded a leopard. It was at sun-down and Stanton did not care to take his man after the animal that evening, but next morning Stanton picked up the trail and as a consequence spent two or three months in the hospital.

However, as animals go in Africa, the leopards are not considered dangerous, because they will hardly ever attack unless wounded or cornered. Their skin is soft, and you can get a shell into them and through them.

Hitting an animal in Africa with a bullet does not necessarily assure you safety. You may rip out the heart and lungs with soft-nose lead and steel, you may crush bones and mangle the vitals, but unless your shell stops the animal, you are more than likely to feel his weight. The tremendous nervous vitality of the animals carries them on even after they have died. I dare say that half the people who are mauled in Africa are mauled by dead animals. Shot so badly that they can be nothing more than animated death, yet they keep coming.

I recently saw a moving picture advertised as being a perfectly authentic African picture which showed a wounded leopard running into the bush. Then it showed the hunters sending some blacks into the bush to get the leopard out. The next scene showed the blacks come running wildly out of the bush, and a second or two later, the leopard following.

There is positively not a black in Africa, nor all of them together, that you could send into the bush after a wounded leopard. They will follow you in, and they'll stand and take the charge with you, but they will not go alone. And no one ever



A Beau Brummel of the Masai. Hair plaited with blood, mud and cowdung. Earrings of iron and copper. Spear of malleable iron which he himself smelts from the ore. One of the finest and most fearless fighting men in this or anybody else's land.

runs from a wounded leopard, although more often than not, you run with one. When enough time has passed during the charge of the leopard for you to make up your mind to run, the leopard is all over you, and you perforce must run with him.

At the present moment there are several African pictures on the market showing the most marvelous, dreadful, dire and bloodthirsty scenes in the world. These companies buy up all the African film they can get their hands on from different people who took amateur cameras with them on hunting expeditions. Then these companies go out to the Selig Zoo or the Universal Zoo, and proceed to make Africa and African scenes. It is a pity that, more often than not, only those familiar with Africa and African game life know what is fake and what is not. I have even seen in these pictures scenes of an armadillo in Africa, although how the poor little fellow swam the Atlantic Ocean and arrived in that neck of the woods, these companies forget to explain.

Next to the leopard comes the lion, who will sometimes attack unprovoked, but not generally. Even when wounded and being chased around the brush, lions will very often keep running away. Sometimes they don't, but again they are not considered very dangerous animals in Africa for the simple reason that they too will usually step aside and let you have the trail, and they too are soft skinned and you can get a bullet into and through them.

Once down in Tanganyika we had the cameras set up on two lions, who were at that moment across the river lying in the shade of a small palm tree. We were patiently waiting for them to come to our side and gently nibble at a zebra we had laid out for their lunch, when up the bank of the dry river came two Masai warriors walking directly toward the lions and on their side of the river. I was about to shout a warning when Dickinson shushed me and said, "Let's see what happens." I think if he could, Dickinson would very readily go to hell to try to find out what happened there.

We covered the lions with our rifles and waited. On came the Masai. They saw neither us nor the lions. They came so close that I was on the point of depriving Dickinson of sated curiosity and sending a shell into the nearest animal when suddenly the lions spotted the natives. One of them gave a sullen growl and walked away in a bored manner. The other one got up and trotted into the thicker brush in the dry river bed.

The natives kept on going, not even paying the lions the compliment of their attention. But then they were Masai, and as far as I could learn, there is nothing in Africa that the Masai are afraid of. They are the tribe in the British possessions from which the government collects no tax, and are supposed to be the finest fighters in the colonies. In the old days, raiding parties of Masai often reached the coast, five hundred miles from their stamping ground.

Again in an African film I saw a scene where a supposed cameraman was running away from a lion. The lion runs at the man, springs on him, the man turns and wrestles with the lion for a moment, and then they both go to the ground together, still wrestling!

One of the first things a lion teaches her cubs is how to spring upon an animal, not with the idea particularly of grabbing hold of the animal, clawing or biting it, but of hitting it with a force that will knock it off its feet, because it is only after the game is down that the lion is ever sure of keeping it down. Lions are more than often hurt and injured by springing on running animals that they fail to knock down.

Perhaps you can imagine, if you were hit squarely between the shoulders by six or seven hundred pounds doing forty or forty-five miles per hour, just how much chance you would stand of turning around and wrestling with it. It would be a great deal like standing in the middle of a railroad track and grappling with a fast freight.

A lion's pet aversion is the hyena, which only goes to prove all the more the nobility of the beast. The lion will often let a jackal eat from the same carcass with him, but he will never at any time tolerate a hyena. Filthy, dirty, full of sores, inside and out, often bi-sexual, the hyena is the last word in filth. A lion will not even try to sink his fangs into a hyena but will slap him off an animal or out of the way, and the hyena will often become so furious at such treatment that he will run in a circle, howl, or bite and claw at some nearby tree to vent his rage. The animal is partly insane. He cannot help it, as he is full of maggots on the inside and sores on the outside, and when excited he becomes entirely maniacal.

Hyenas have, however, the strongest jaw in

Africa and will crush bones like an eggshell. They are slinky, sneaky animals that follow the big herds and steal the young as soon as they are dropped by the mother. They are called vermin in Africa and may be shot anywhere at any time. Personally, I can conceive of no more delightful career than that of shooting and exterminating hyenas and crocodiles, but of the two, I would choose the crocodile as a companion in preference. However, at this moment, I am not at all a lonely creature.

The rhino, while a vicious-looking animal and in fact ferocious in a charge, is not considered so dangerous as the general public might suppose. Rhinos do not see well, being very nearsighted. If you were to remain standing still and were down wind from them, they would pass you by thirty yards away and not notice you. As a result of this a hunter can get very close, take his time, and drop a heavy shell into them at any spot or time he wants. Of course, if they get your wind and start coming, that's a different proposition altogether.

I remember several stories some supposedly very old hunters told me before I left America, how it was possible, if a rhino charged, for you to stand still until the animal was almost upon you and then leap nimbly to one side and permit him to charge past. That is one of the biggest fairy tales I have listened to and one of the quickest ways to take a nimble leap into eternity. These huge brutes will wheel and pivot with an agility that would make a polo pony very valuable.

Their hide is so thick and tough that it is very dangerous to hunt them with the average high-powered sporting rifle. You are hardly safe while pumping it into them with an elephant gun, and it is necessary to break a bone or strike some vital nerve center before you can definitely stop them. All this providing the animal is mad and coming.

The rhino has a tremendous curiosity, and often when he winds something or dimly sees something moving, he will come trotting at the object to find out what it is. This is often mistaken for a charge, but it is nothing of the kind. When he is coming in this manner, if you hit him with an air gun, he will very often turn and run away in great fright. But taking rhinos generally and as a whole you will find that they will also step aside and let you have the trail if you don't pester them.

The elephant is very closely akin to the rhino in this respect. He too can't see very well and is usually very timid, with the exception of the rogue. The rogue elephant is one who, for one reason or another, has been driven from the herd. Partially insane, irritable and dangerous, he will invariably charge on sight. Whenever a rogue elephant is heard of in Africa, government hunters hunt him down and kill him.

Often elephants become a menace to crops and vegetable gardens in Africa and even to coffee plantations. Then the protection is raised and government hunters are sent out to kill them off or drive them out of the country and back into the bush.

White hunters generally agree that they would rather face several leopards, lions, rhinos, or elephants than one mad and thoroughly angry buffalo, and for that reason, the buffalo is considered one of the most dangerous animals in Africa.

He will often spot you at three thousand yards, stand perfectly still and wait for you to approach until you are almost upon him. By the time you have made him out from the bush in which he is standing, he is upon you and trying his best to trample you into Africa.

When wounded, the buffalo will usually run and leave a perfectly plain blood and hoof trail for you to follow. Then he will make a half-circle, double back and stand close to his own trail and wait for you to come along. He is fast and smart and hard to kill.

I am speaking now entirely of Cape buffalo. A great many people confuse them with what is called the water buffalo. The only water buffaloes I saw in Africa were domesticated animals used all through Egypt and Northern Africa to haul plows and carts, and do other domestic work.

People have often asked me, "Is the meat of African game good to eat?" Several of the smaller buck and some of the large including the eland and oryx are good to eat. But the finest you can get in Africa is not up to the standard of our own North American venison. Of the smaller buck, the dik-dik, the steinbok, and the oribi make the finest eating.

CHAPTER XVII

MODUS OPERANDI

It is remarkable to watch the white hunters finding their way about over hundreds of miles of territory all of which looks exactly alike and with very few particularly unusual landmarks.

One would think that when one got off the beaten paths or game trails of Africa, one might get lost. Mightn't one? Such is not true. All one has to do when camp is made is to look around and locate some hill that is close to the camp, and fix a mental picture of that hill firmly in one's mind. Then one goes hunting. And when one finishes hunting, all one has to do is to look around for this hill, knowing that that hill is close to one's camp. Consequently that is what one always does, looks for this hill and discovers twenty-eight of them, all the same kind of hills and on every angle of the compass.

Or better still, suppose you are encamped upon the bank of a river which, we will say for the sake of demonstration, is flowing east and west. You know when you start out whether you are north or south of the river. If you are north of the river, when you finish hunting you just start south and keep going until you find the river and then follow the river bank back to camp.

Of course there is a little detail connected with this that you should not overlook. In following the river bank to camp, you must have plenty of time on your hands, because that river is going to do a few loops, figure eights, and tail spins before it reaches the camp. The first hundred miles of winding back is the worst, but if you have plenty of time and shoe leather, you don't mind. And God knows there is time enough in Africa. Everyone has plenty of it.

In comparison to Africa, the Spanish "manana" sounds like day before yesterday. There isn't one native in every one hundred thousand that can tell you how old he is. They have no calendars, eras, ages, or dates. And if something is not done today, don't let it worry you. It will be done in the next generation or so.

It used to bother me some when Major Dickinson would say, "The other day I was out with so and so from America," and so forth and so on, and then by careful questioning I would learn that "the other day" was just his way of saying year before last. Whenever he said "next week," I knew that he was speaking of his great-grandchildren.

Thika is about thirty or forty miles north of Nairobi in the heart of the coffee and sisal plantations. Two rivers come together at this point, each having a beautiful waterfall not two hundred yards apart, and combine to make the Thika River. It was with great difficulty that I managed to get real natives to this location.

In the first place, nearly all of the natives in this quarter are missionary natives, and civilization has taken away from them the savage native

If I remember rightly, this picture was taken just after I had accidentally bumped my jaw against Harry Carey's fist while stealing his last can of tobacco.

atmosphere. I dislike very much to use missionary natives in any climate.

Of all the natives in Africa, the Protestant missionary natives can be trusted the least. They will steal and lie themselves blacker in the face, if that is possible. The Catholic missionary natives are a little better in so far as they will lie a little more artistically. The Mohammedan missionary natives—and there are more Mohammedans in Africa than any other creed—are the most trustworthy of the outfit. They will steal, but only things you will not miss for six months or a year, and their lying has reached such a high degree of expertness that you believe it when you know they are lying.

If you want honesty and reliability, you have to go out and get the bush natives that never heard of deity but worship only ju-ju and devils, and their philosophy is not so bad at that. They believe that if they can propitiate the devil, a deity is unnecessary. Like Laplace's, deity is not needed in their hypothesis.

A word in passing regarding cannibalism in Africa or any other quarter of the globe. I believe Dr. Monthau of the British Museum is responsible for the statement that there has not been one authenticated act of cannibalism known to science. This statement may be literally true, but I believe it to be very misleading. Of course I have never actually seen a case of it. Probably there is not a man living who has actually seen a case of cannibalism, yet there is no doubt in my mind that at one time it was a common practice, not only among the natives of Africa but among natives in other parts. There is too much smoke not to have a few embers. All the civilized governments in the world have passed rigorous laws against the practice—something must have brought that on.

Tales of cannibalism are common. Even in our own country, the history of the Donner expedition is fresh in many minds. Possibly the old-timers who have actually seen cases of this are all dead. Cannibalism has been on the wane for more than a century, due partly to the influence of missionaries, and largely to the fact that into such quarters as the South Sea Islands, goats, hogs, and cattle were early introduced and afforded meat in plenty without the native having to resort to long pig.

In many instances, or in most instances as far as my knowledge extends, I believe cannibalism can be attributed to religious rites. It is a fact that among the Society Islands in the South Seas, it was the duty of a conquering chief to eat the eyes of his opponent.

Cannibalism in Africa may be fairly laid to the work of witchmen and big ju-jus or ingomas, where the native, whose mentality is of a very small caliber to begin with, is fired to maniacal pitch by the tom-toms and the witchmen. And regardless of what science and scientists may say to the contrary, all of the old-timers of these countries thoroughly believe in and will tell you of instances of cannibalism.

From China have come numerous stories of cannibalism during times of famine. And it really is an authenticated fact that Chief Washiki of the Shoshones ate the heart of a raiding Crow chief whom he captured at what was afterward known as Crow Heart Butte, a hill on the upper stretches of the Wind River in Wyoming. This was one of the chief boasts of Washiki and his tribe up to the day he took the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Very possibly some of our largest oil companies are indirectly responsible for the wane of cannibalism. It is they who are large contributors in the financing of missionary and scientific expeditions. It gives them their first hold, and it's a strangle hold, on new territory. A letter of introduction from the President of the United States may go unrecognized in a great many parts of the world, but a letter of introduction from the manager of one of our big oil concerns will take you anywhere.

The first natives to appear on the scene were so civilized that I instinctively began calling them George and Mandy. I had to send sixty miles up country and bring down an entire village of Kukuas, and one hundred twenty miles in another direction for Masais, but eventually I had a village full of real African bush natives.

I believe I have spoken before of having to send Morgan, my technical man, home on account of illness, and my grip, Albert Arnold, had taken his place. Assisted by Riley, one of my electricians, they had thrown up a village that would have done credit to anything they could have done on the lot back home. The natives moved in bodily, and in two or three days a new dot was on the map of Africa.

The bulk of the natives in this territory are Kukuas, a surly, sullen lot, considered by the whites the most treacherous of the outfit and believed by a great many to constitute the greatest native menace in Africa.

There are several old-timers in Africa who still believe the day of native rebellion is dawning, and that when it comes, blood will run up and down the valleys of Africa from one end to the other. From my observation, I believe this to be a lot of "bosh," yet at the same time, it would not surprise me if the Kukuas eventually stirred up trouble of a more or less serious nature.

They are rather a bizarre-looking tribe when in full regalia. They plaster their heads with red mud. Then taking several strands of kinky hair, they roll them up into a tight little wad and let it dry. Then they polish it with oil until the entire top of their head is covered with hundreds of these kinky little wads of shiny red mud, and looks not a great deal unlike a red rubber wash-rag.

The Masai also plaster their heads, intertwining long cotton strands into their wool and bringing them straight back and down the neck in braids, each braid plastered with red mud, milk, and cowdung. These hair do-ups last for weeks at a time.

I tried in vain to get to this location some "duck bills," so called because the females at an early age insert round wooden disks into the lower and sometimes also into the upper lips, gradually enlarging these and elongating the lips as they grow older until their mouths greatly resemble the bill of a duck.

This custom originated in the early Arab slave-trade days to disfigure the women of the tribe so that the slavers would not take them. I have actually seen the under lip of a woman extended fourteen inches beyond her chin, but I could not inveigle any one of them into the village, and so lost for my picture some very beautiful native faces.

Thika was the first location in Africa where we got out of our tents. There is a nice little hotel there, as hotels go in Africa, one large half-thatch, half-wood building which made an office, lounging room, and dining room. Around this were some ten or fifteen huts, airy, neat, and clean, with bed, wash bowl and pitcher, and other bedroom paraphernalia. Of course some of the most fastidious of my company stretched mosquito netting under the entire ceiling to keep the scorpions and other bugs from falling into their mouths while they slept.

Just a little incident that is worth mentioning in passing is that the hotel had a bar. I say "had" advisedly. Before we had been there three days, the bar was but a memory; and we had to go back to our own commissary.

There is no game around Thika of any kind except about fifteen miles away on a mountain called Donya Sebok, where there is a small herd of Cape buffalo.

We had a tremendous amount of work to do in this village, and our old pal and bosom companion, John Weather, stuck right along with us. It rained, rained again, and then rained some more. Day by day, hour by hour, and shot by shot, we plugged along, putting African life and native noise on the screen and many times spending more time taking one scene than it will take the audience back home to see the entire picture when it is completed.

It was on almost the last day of shooting that for the last time I had to tear after a member of my staff. Throughout the latter end of our African venture, I had to talk to one after another pretty roughly. You may imagine that by this time everyone was pretty well tired of everyone else. When you poked your head out of the tent in the morning and saw that same face come out of the tent next to you, you had the feeling of "Oh, my God, do I have to look at that face and listen to its chatter again today?"

One night as we were reaching the end of the Thika sequence, a couple of the gang came together in a rather serious squabble. I came between them and issued an order which Earl Frank saw fit to ignore. I got him out back of the hotel, where it was nice and dark and lonely, and started my mouth going.

Suddenly Earl straightened and shouted, "You can't talk to me like that!"

Thrusting my face into his, which was enough to scare him to death anyway, I said, "Well, brother Frank, I'm talking like that and to you, and just what are you going to do about it?"

Earl gazed at me hard for a second and then shouted, "Nothing," so loudly it nearly deafened me, and walked away, thereby anticlimaxing everything. All that remained for me to do was to laugh.

All in all, the whole gang were pretty decent. Almost any one of them could have taken me apart and had plenty of provocation to do so. I can't help but be grateful and thank them for their forbearance.

It was also on this location that I had my last native trouble. As I have already mentioned, we were using a great many Kukuas—a discontented, pouting, surly outfit. Day by day, they got worse. Then one day a few of them wouldn't get out of the way when the boys were coming through with the lamp, and they almost had to knock a few down to pass. The natives turned, and in their own language muttered something after them, which I gathered was not altogether of a complimentary nature. As badly as I hated to do so, I elevated my own foot to a position slightly below the hips of, and in direct contact with the reverse side of a couple of them—and darn near broke my ankle. From then on, things were rosy to the end.

Finally we finished and passed the word along to the company that they were practically homeward bound, with the exception of a small unit I was keeping behind with me. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I understand that nobody here heard the shout that went up, probably due to a thunder storm or a Shrine Convention they were having that day. Some of the people wore out their lungs.

Clyde DeVinna, my chief cameraman, had been in Africa a month before we arrived. I decided to let him return with the company. It took a quart and a half before I could muster up enough courage to tell those who were going to stay behind that they would have to do so.

Finally I staggered out and called in Bob Roberts and George Nogle, two of my cameramen. With tears in my eyes, I told them that one of them would have to stay behind, and to avoid bloodshed, I would let them toss a coin to see who stayed. Imagine my embarrassment when they wanted to toss a coin to see who went, and a compromise was reached by having them both stay.

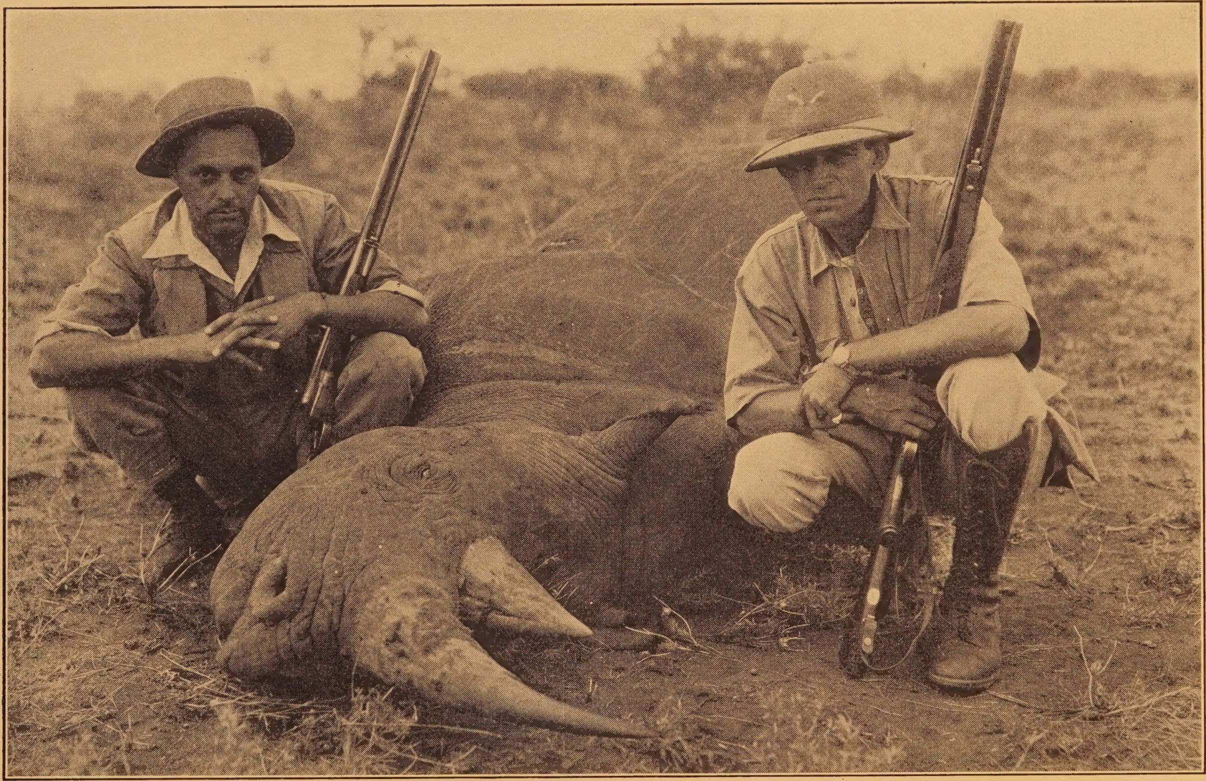
My next sad duty was to inform Dale Deverman, the assistant cameraman, that he would have to spend another month or so in Africa.

"Oh, good!" shouted Dale.

Harry Albiez, my property man, hearing the joyous sounds in my tent, strolled by and informed me that he was staying, whether I wanted him to or not. He started the damn picture, and he was going to finish it.

My script clerk came by and informed me that the script would go to rack and ruin unless she remained to keep the numbers straight and watch me to see that I would not forget things. I drank another quart to get up courage enough to say "no" to the rest of them and make them go home.

The next day was the parting of the ways.



Dickinson, myself, and one of the enemy at about the time when the little red bug was found. Note the parrot-like mouth of the rhino.

One group back to civilization, the other group deeper into Africa. What more natural than that the entire company should gather around the festive bowl in this hour of parting? Is it a sin that three hours later we were crying on each other's necks and propping each other up? Is it strange that Dickinson ran an automobile off the bridge five minutes after he started? And is it strange that I didn't know anything about it until three days later?

When I eventually came to, I was given to understand we had spent the late afternoon and that night at some little place some fifty miles north of Thika where they have a golf course, that I had insisted on playing golf, and on the second tee had tried to hit the ball with the caddy.

Of course there were casualties on the other front also. Carey had been a good boy all the time he had been in Africa. From the time he stepped off the boat at Mombasa, he had not touched a drop, but that last day at Thika saw his downfall, and mighty was the fall thereof. In fact everyone stumbled to a smaller or larger extent.

CHAPTER XVIII

STOPPED AT LAST

We were on our way to Archer's Post, intending to cross the Northern Waseniri and head up in the direction of Martin Johnson's Lake Paradise, that secret lake which he discovered and which he has kept a secret from everybody, except nine-tenths of Africa. As I write this, Johnson is down there discovering Africa again.

I happened to see his last picture, and if anybody wants to see African game life as it really is, I would advise him to see this picture. Johnson got some wonderful shots. He covers a lot of territory and shows you some twenty-five or thirty different varieties of African big game.

I have never met the Johnsons, but would like to go on record right now as saying that I think his wife is a "peach" and game to the core. Not particularly because she faces the charge of big game, but because she drinks the water, eats the food, and smiles through the bites and annoyances of African bug life. There are few women who would stand for as much of it as she does.

Johnson himself I admire greatly for the infinite amount of patience the man must have. Shooting big game with a camera is heartbreaking work. Many times I have spent nearly a full day getting into a position ahead of buffalo, rhino, or elephant only to have them reach a spot where you were just on the point of starting the cameras, and then turn and run away. I know for a fact that Martin Johnson and his wife spent five months on one lion location getting lion stuff only. Five months in the African bush represents an inconvenience and monotony that would have made Job look like a piker!

Eventually we reached Archer's Post only to find the river so high that we could not cross. It was the first time we had been actually stopped. And then again came one of those hard decisions. The river might go down that night—it might stay up for a month. Should I wait, holding my people here, or should I move on to another location? Decided for the latter and next morning pulled out and cut east and still farther north to another spot on the river called Barsaloi's Crossing.

We hadn't been on our way more than five or six hours until plenty of sign of rhino and buffalo began to show up. This pleased me mightily, as it was rhino and buffalo I was after. About an hour before we reached camp, we suddenly burst upon a rhino not ten yards off the road browsing on some new shoots of thorn bush. Of course it would be my particular luck at this moment to have the camera car with a flat tire a mile behind. There is no use to delay or argue with a rhino. He made up his mind to leave and did.

Up in this territory the soil is a brick red in color, and as the rhino is plastered with the soil, he takes on the appearance of being brick red also. At a distance it is hard to distinguish him from the ant hills.

Another mile and we ran into a locust cloud that was a pip. You couldn't see fifty yards ahead of your car. In no time we were completely covered with crawling, flying things, and it felt very much like being bombarded with showers of small pebbles. They annoyed me considerably, having a cute little habit of crawling up a pants' leg—and try to shake them down!

Rhino began to show up now on every hand. The bush was stiff with them, but no buffalo. That night we made camp on the banks of the Northern Waseniri at Barsaloi's Crossing, and on the ground where I pitched my tent were eight or ten scorpion holes. It will seem unbelievable to you, but for ten or twenty miles around Barsaloi's Crossing there is not a spot of ground the size of an office desk that doesn't harbor two or three scorpions. They are as thick as the locust swarm, and how they did love those locusts. We were on this location eight or ten days, and not a soul was bit by a scorpion during the entire time. During our idle hours, we would take hunting knives, dig up scorpions, and try to start them fighting.

There were also a number of geranuk in this vicinity, an animal with the body of a gazelle and the neck of a giraffe, very timid and hard to get at, but before we left, we managed to get some very good shots of them.

Next morning bright and early, with clean and loaded guns, we started after Mr. Rhino. With the aid of glasses we located three of them on a hill a mile or so distant, watched them for a while to see which way they were feeding, then started on a huge circle to get down wind and set up on the ridge up which they were traveling.

A peculiar thing about rhino is that they always seem to be feeding and going only one way. They must travel in a huge circle, coming back again and again over their own tracks. I have never seen tracks traveling in the opposite direction for any distance. It took some time, a lot of hard work, and perspiration to get into a position. There were several gullies to be crossed, a lot of brush to run over, and a lot of pushing and heaving to be done. Finally we arrived on the spot we wanted, with the rhino some five hundred yards off but feeding steadily up toward the cameras.

My script clerk was seated in the front seat between Dickinson and myself, and kept muttering to herself, "This is suicide—this is suicide." Frankly I believed her, but when I suggested that she go back to camp, her charge was as bad as the rhino's.

Dickinson and I loped ahead of the car to be sure that the rhinos were headed right, and they were, two big cows and a toto coming slowly but steadily on. Finally through the brush just ahead, we could see their forms. A giraffe got our wind and went rambling through the center of them, making them a little nervous. I never wanted to kill a giraffe so badly in my life. Vaguely, dimly, they knew there was something ahead of them, but as we were all quiet and never moved a muscle, they finally came to the conclusion that it couldn't amount to much and came on again. They were just emerging from the brush and into view when Dickinson and I, made up like Harry Carey and Renaldo, stepped out in front and invited the charge. Just then my gun boy sneezed, scaring him as much as it did the rhinos, and they cut off at an angle, keeping all the brush in Africa between them and the cameras. We never saw them again.

In spite of our exasperation, I couldn't help but heave a little sigh of relief. Dickinson was furious, but he was used to this sort of thing and I wasn't. He was all for shooting the gun boy, reminding me of the fact that I was allowed four natives on my hunting license anyway and that I hadn't used one of them yet. I had to dig into a lunch box and draw out a bottle of Scotch to placate him. It was getting late in the afternoon by this time, with the clouds rolling up into the sun and making any kind of photography extremely difficult. So we beat it back to camp.

Next day we located a lone bull and repeated the performance of the day before, getting down wind and waiting for him. He came steadily on, and things looked bright. He came out into view and stood staring at us steadily and unwaveringly. Dickinson and I stepped out ahead again, walking slowly toward him and inviting a charge.

I think he was just on the point of coming when one of the boys from the camera car yelled, "Look out, Van. There is one in the bush to your right."

Just then my script clerk gave a squeal, "Here's one by the car."

At that moment the bull ahead of us snorted and started out and was joined by another that came out of the bush from my left. We had literally gotten into a nest of the rhinos. All in all we spotted eight before they were out of sight. We didn't get a good shot of one of them. I was so mad that they had to haul me out from under the camera car. That squeal of my script clerk's had sent the prickly heat through my entire system and started a rash that stayed with me for days. Why in hell I had not gone back with the company I could not at that moment tell you, and that idiotic Dickinson was having a jolly good time of it—oh, quite!

Furtively I noticed Harry Albiez wiping the sweat from his brow, and Dale Deverman had forgotten to shut the power from his camera and it was still running. That is the way things happen in Africa. Everything seems quiet and serene when suddenly there is a crash and a roar. You suddenly awaken to the fact that for a moment you are in deadly peril. Then it is all over. Everything is quiet and serene again before you know just what it's all about.

And then my entire day was ruined by noticing Miss Chippo quietly scribbling and casually writing notes on the script sheet. After that squeal the least she could have done was to faint!

It was still early in the day, however, and there were evidently plenty of rhinos. So we beat it for a high spot and then hauled out the glasses and located another cow and toto some distance away, unfortunately, down wind from us. So it took quite a bit of time to get around and in front of her.

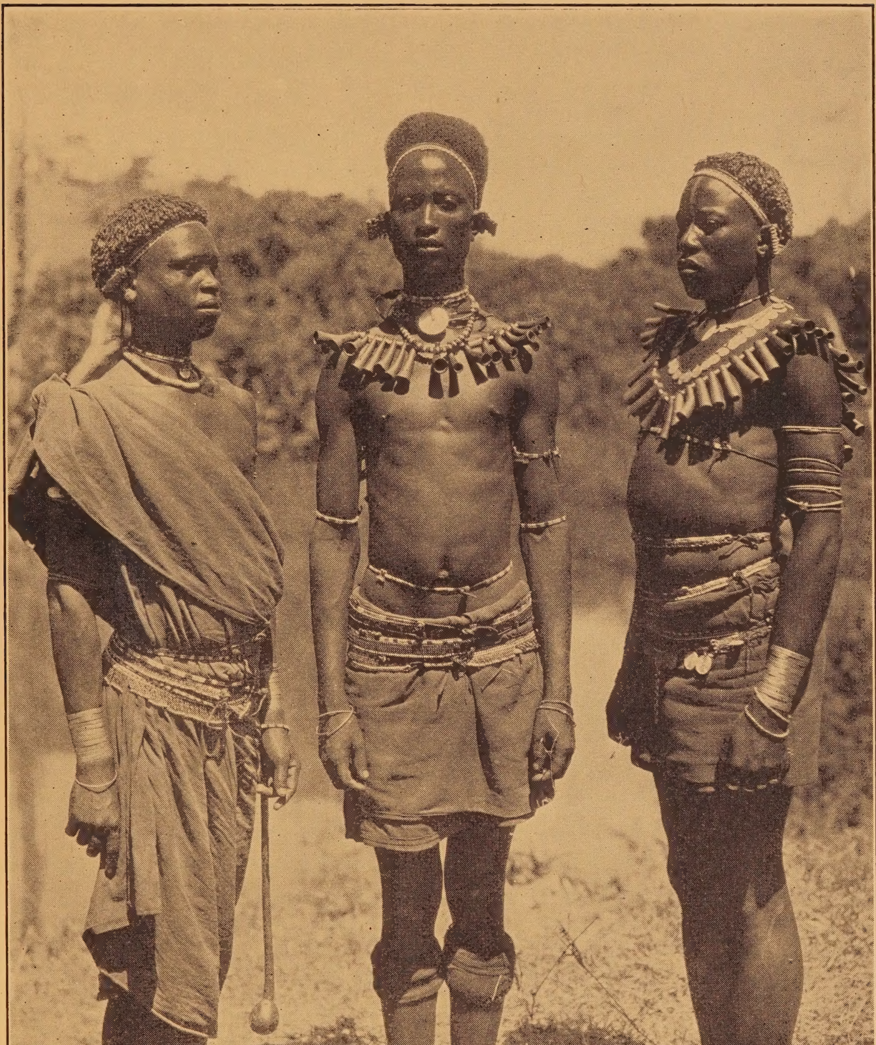
This time we were trying a new stunt. As quietly as possible, we were to keep the car going straight ahead and try to come up on her before she fully realized just what was wrong. We managed to get within a couple hundred yards before she even became nervous. Then the toto began running circles around her. (Did I mention "toto" is the African word for baby?) And we could see that she was getting a little stuffy because of the nervousness of the toto.

"Looks like we might get a little action here," muttered Dickinson. "Watch out for that toto. We will have trouble with him."

It is a fact that with rhino, if you knock down the parent, the offspring will keep hanging around, making futile charges here and there, but nevertheless rather dangerous ones, and nobody likes to shoot the young.

Dickinson and I started out again to give her a crack at us when suddenly two bulls, a little farther on, showed up on the scene. One of them gave a snort and lit out, scaring the cow and the toto, and they also ran. But the older and bigger bull started for us, a beautiful charge of some one hundred or one hundred fifty yards back, and came like a rioting steam engine.

I must digress for a moment at this point to explain a couple of little matters. The action of the scene was supposed to go like this: The minute the bull got close, Little Peru, played by Renaldo for whom I was at this moment doubling, was supposed to get scared and run when the animal was very nearly upon us. It was supposed



Kukua warriors in all their finery, and mean as they make 'em. Notice the cute little native black jack in the hand of the one on the left, and he'd love to use it on anything, black or white!

to have been his first sight of one of these beasts, it had broken his nerve, and he lit out for a tall ant hill.

If you will keep that fixed in your mind for a moment, let me explain something else. The gun boy of Africa is not only supposed to keep your guns clean, in condition and ready for instant use at all times, but he is also supposed to step in front of you and take the charge if you fail to stop your animal. This is done so as to enable you to get another shell or two working, whereas if the animal strikes you, you both may be done for.

Now to get back to the rhino. He kept coming steadily, and when I thought that he was close enough for me to start running, I did so with alacrity and thought it a very delightful piece of business.

Trader Horn, who was being doubled by Dickinson, was supposed to stand until the animal was fairly close, and then literally blow him off the muzzle of his gun, all of which Dickinson did standing steady as a rock, thoroughly enjoying the thrill with a gun as steady as a telegraph post. But we had forgotten to take our gun boy in on our little plan and when he saw me run, he heroically galloped out in front of the cameras, standing firmly by Dickinson, ready to take the charge and thereby ruining a great scene.

Dickinson knocked the animal down, and not knowing my gun boy was directly behind him, went through his action, waved for me to come on, and started toward the animal. When I saw the beast drop, I pulled my knife and was headed at all speed toward my gun boy to scalp him, and was just about to sink my knife into his neck when that damn rhino got up. I think that is all that saved my gun boy's life. By the time I had stopped again, I was so far away and it took me so long to get back, that my anger had dwindled. Dickinson had immediately knocked the beast down again and he stayed down.

It was the first rhino that any of us had been able to walk up to and touch with safety, and we were all gathered around the body and "Ohing" and "Awing" ourselves to death, when we were startled by another squeal from my script clerk.

Only this time it was a squeal of joy, and she came running toward us shrieking, "Oh, see the cute little red bug I found?" Between her thumb and index finger she held a weird-looking bug about the size of a dime. We all made a concerted attack, downed her in the first rush, tied her up, gagged her and threw her into the automobile, then went back and admired the dead rhino without interruption.

My poor gun boy did not understand what it was all about, and I am sure he felt that he had saved my life and had very heroically done his full duty in getting between me and that charging rhino. That was enough excitement for one day and we beat it back to camp.

For another six or seven days, we tried our best to get a really good rhino charge, but they had our scent all over the country by this time. They were nervous and shy, and it was our luck, on the two or three other charges that we did get, to be in such thick brush that it wouldn't show up well on the screen.

Also the buffalo had left the country. We could not locate one. So we up-anchored and sailed south. On our way up to this location, we had come through a driving rain and brought the cars across a country that I still say it was impossible to cross. I remember on one occasion we barely got across the river before it had risen so high as to make fording impossible. We had gone down into the soil until our axles were resting on the earth, and it was only because we were close to a village of a couple hundred of blacks that we were able to get out. Putting ropes on all the cars, these blacks hauled them three hundred yards to the top of a hill. Two of my cars had become separated, and I didn't know where they were. The tops no longer shed the rain. It came through in buckets. We were all sopping wet and it was getting cold.

We were high up on the western slope of Mount Kenya, at an altitude of seven or eight thousand feet. And Mount Kenya, while standing upon the equator, is continually snowcapped.

When we finally pulled the cars through a sea of mud to the top of the hill, we were just part of the landscape of Africa. There was mud in our ears, down our necks, sloshing out of our boots. How those natives built a fire and got a hot dinner ready is still a matter of imagination as far as I am concerned, and my imagination is not elastic enough.

The tents were sopping wet, and it was useless to put them up. We ran two cars side by side, and throwing a tarp over the top to shed some of the rain, we bedded down between them that evening, moving our beds throughout the night when some new leak would spring in the tarpaulin. That had been the kind of trip we had coming up.

Feeling it could not be worse going back, we faced the trip courageously. But we had been mistaken. It was worse and then some, only this time we had a lot of down-hill pulls and the cars literally coasted down Mount Kenya. Of course at times they nearly coasted to the bottom of some deep canyon. Every once in a while the yell "all off" would go up, and we would all jump off the skidding car, kissing it a fond farewell and expecting to have to carry our camera cases and what remained of cameras up out of the bottom. But somehow or other, it always stuck on the edge of the bank, and with ropes, with shovels, with cut logs and what not, we would get it back to safety and carry on.

It was on this occasion that Dickinson rose up in rebellion. He was going to drive that car or walk. This time I was most happy to let him drive. I sat beside him with the door of the car open, muscles continually tensed for a jump to safety. Poor ole Dickinson. He would drive hour after hour, and when I could see that he was drooping, all I had to do was to say, "If you're tired, Dicker, I'll drive for a while." And he would freshen up like a daisy thrown into a lily pond. He wasn't a bit tired. As a matter of fact, he enjoyed it. Oh, rather!

At one point we reached a bridge that had fallen down at one end, and that end of the bridge was jammed against the bank about ten feet below the surface of the road. Frankly it looked as if it would fall under the weight of a grasshopper. I was fully prepared to walk the rest of the way to Nairobi. But the boys got out a shovel and cut down the bank on the side where the bridge had fallen. The other side, where the bridge had pulled away from the bank, we filled with logs and dirt, and Dale Deverman volunteered to drive the first truck across. Dale was unmarried and had no family ties, and I made up my mind to let him do it. Of course, I didn't have any ties to speak of, but I didn't want to rob Dale of any glory!

Dale climbed into the car, and while we all held our breaths, he eased it up onto the end of the bridge on the high side. Then he literally pushed the throttle to the floor. The bridge groaned as Dale picked up speed on the way down, hit the jump on the other side and fairly leaped to the road above without breaking a spring. I wouldn't even walk across the damn thing. I waded to the other side.

Taking courage from this, the native drivers rushed at the bridge as they rush to their own mess tent, and in no time at all every car was on the other side in a pouring rain, soaking wet but happy.

When I put my feet out of bed next morning, it was to step into four inches of water. We had camped in a low flat and it was literally inundated.

Mount Kenya, down whose slopes we were traveling, is one of the highest and most beautiful mountains in Africa. Standing on the equator, rearing itself over seventeen thousand feet in the air, its peaks are continuously snowcapped, giving birth to a multitude of beautiful trout streams coursing down its broad and ample bosoms. High up on its sides are beautiful bamboo forests, once the home of gorilla but deserted now because civilization is using its valleys, plateaus, and lowlands for farms and orchards.

If one wants to hunt the gorilla, one of the most timid and hard-to-get-at animals in Africa, he must go farther south to Mount Kilimanjara two thousand feet higher than Kenya or to the Mountains of the Moon over on the border of the Belgian Congo. Gorillas will always be found above the six or seven thousand foot level in the huge bamboo forests.

I recently saw a moving picture showing gorillas doing some kind of rite with natives, during which a native woman was sacrificed to the gorilla and became his wife or sweetheart or mistress or something—one of the silliest ideas on record. To begin with, the gorilla has too much self-respect, and as gorillas do live high in the mountains, you will find no natives living within miles of them, not because the native is afraid, but because he does not care to live so high.

With the exception of the Mountains of the Moon or the Mfumbiro Mountains farther south, gorillas are pretty scarce in the Congo. There are a few big apes and chimps, and they will occasionally steal a native child or native woman. Invariably the native dies, apparently from fright. When this occurs the drums start, that part of the forest is immediately filled with natives, and the ape is speared neatly and with dispatch.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

We finally reached Nairobi, worn out, wet, and mud from head to foot. Again the guns were cleaned and so were we. And another day or two we were headed south to Bogadi, but this time we went by train. Running our cars up on their funny little old four-wheel flat cars, we left Nairobi, and heading south, traveled all day through the huge game reserve.

Bogadi is quite a little town, on the edge of huge soda lakes. These lakes are owned by a big British concern and they do a land-office business. At Bogadi we disembarked and had to be our own railroad trainmen, brakemen, engineers and yardmen when unloading our machines from the cars. It represented a job, in so far as there were no modern means for unloading.

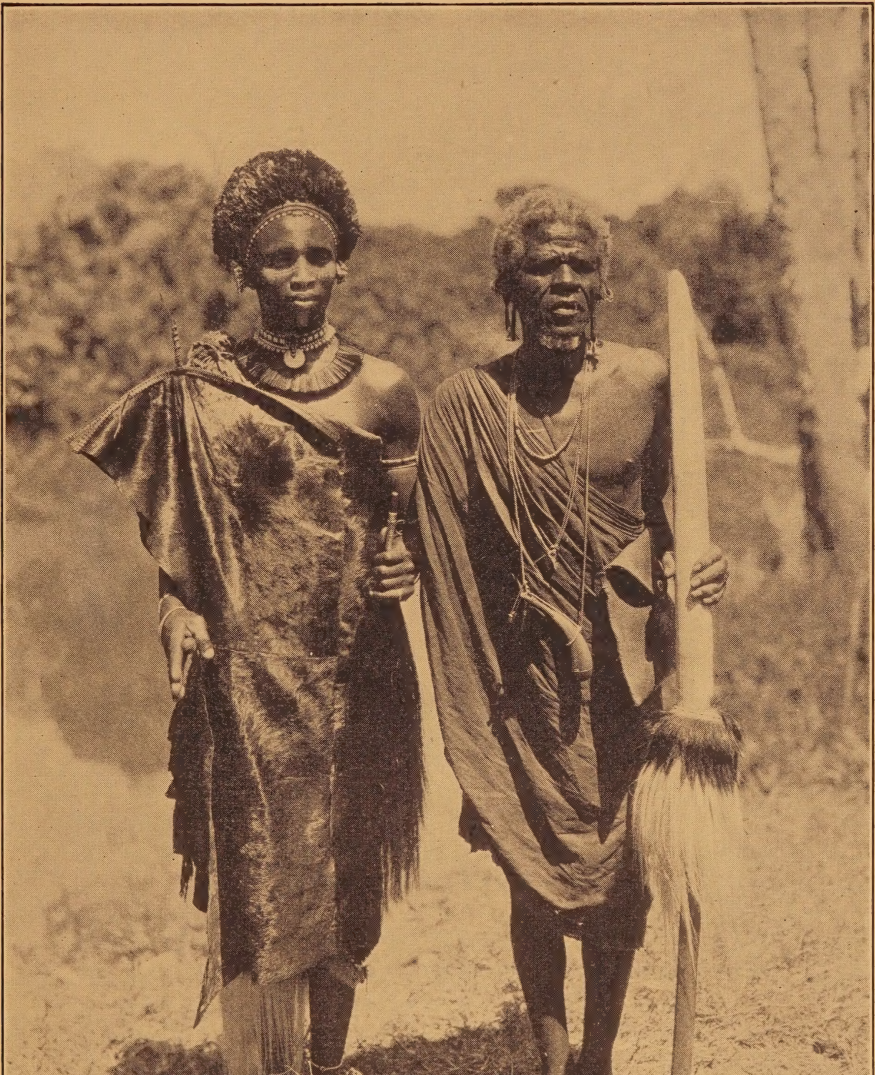
We got a couple of pieces of iron from four to six inches wide, propped them up against the end of the car, started the motor and took a running jump at things, hoping the wheels would hit these irons and that they would hold until the machine hit the ground. Sometimes they actually did, and other times our trucks fell off. We pushed them back on their wheels, straightened out the fenders, wired together whatever else was broken, filled up with gas and kept on going south.

We did not get out of the game reserve until we were a few miles north and east of Lake Natron on the Nguruman. The Southern Waseniri River had to be crossed, and to get that first car across that river was some job. The water was fairly high and the bottom was soft. Of course that was always our problem—getting the first car across. Once that was across, then we had something to pull with. As usual, that gang of mine got it on the other side some way or another, then out came the ropes, and we jerked the other car across, then on again and over Africa. Only this was by far our roughest trip.

The country now became very dry and very hard and very hot. Traveling over four or five miles an hour was almost impossible, and by the time we reached the Nguruman, we were pretty well worn out. However, we had seen plenty of buffalo and rhino sign, and our spirits mounted as our bodies sagged.

I think this is one of the prettiest camps we had in Africa. The Nguruman is a pretty little stream of nice water, as water goes in Africa, and rippled down past our tents just like any mountain stream you might find in the Cascades. Overhead stretched the shady and sheltering limbs of some big thorn bush trees.

The only drawback to this location was the dust storms. They are continuous. Somewhere out on that flat a dust cloud would form from nothing, rise into the air and go whirling across country as if the devil was after it. One day as we were coming back to camp, a huge dirty yellow fog, blowing at the rate of about fifty miles an hour, settled over everything. You could not see



Kukua royalty, father and son, with ju-ju stick and amulets. The vestment of the young lad is of kongoni hide soaked in oil, while the old lad has a good-sized piece of cloth bought from the Dukor Store. In such habiliments they feel far more dressed up than a grenadier.

ten yards ahead of the car. Finding camp was merely a matter of luck, but our luck held and we found it, or rather we found the site and had to dig the camp out. The dust was almost finger deep on everything, even back of our watch crystals. A bath never seemed so good as it did that night.

Our first day there was spent in reconnoitering the country, and we found it stiff with rhino and buffalo. The buffalo were in herds of from fifty to two or three hundred. The rhinos were running around in twos and threes, and were all over the place, the only drawback being that the brush in most places was very thick and high.

It was on that first day that we definitely settled the fact that the baboon, of which I have spoken before, is not only a game hunter but a game eater, because coming back into camp that night, we came across a baboon actually eating a baby impala. When we were back in Nairobi, I mentioned this to the game warden. He was thunderstruck and was going to do his best to have the baboon placed on the list of vermin.

The next day we started out afoot, with the cameras on the backs of the boys, and picked up the trail of two rhinos. We followed them into brush so thick that in many instances we had to go forward on our hands and knees. Suddenly Dickinson held up a warning hand. Just ahead somewhere were rhino, and judging from the sound of tick birds, not over ten yards distant, but how to photograph them in this dense thicket was a problem.

However, I high-signed back to Bob Roberts and George Nogle, who were just behind me, to get their cameras out as quietly as possible.

Of course, at this particular moment, Roberts had to get all "gooed" up in a "wait-a-minute" bush—a little African thorn bush with the thorns growing backwards, much in the manner of the barb on a fish hook. And they are only too correctly named. When one starts embracing you, you either "wait-a-minute" or you leave your clothes and that part of your integument that the bush has seen fit to caress.

I have listened to sailors and to mule skinners, to lumber jacks and camp cooks, but it remained for that moment and Bob Roberts to create an art of profanity. He cut loose with a long, closely woven chain of words in a dozen languages that would have been a great credit, a joy and pride of any top sergeant the American army ever saw! He came out of the bush all right with a great, ripping sound, leaving his shirt there to dry.

There were a couple of terrifying snorts heard from just ahead and then a terrific crashing of brush. Whether the rhino were coming for us or going away was uncertain, and as far as I was concerned, a matter of very deep concern. If they were coming our way, they would be upon us before we could see them, and it would be a matter of blowing them off the muzzles of our guns.

Dickinson's face lit up joyfully. I wanted to bite him. His gun was at his shoulder, his eyes darting from side to side, cool as a cucumber, and hoping for the worst. My gun was also at my shoulder and pointing at all the scenery in Africa while I dislocated a vertebra trying to look in every direction at once. They came and came close, and my trigger finger was lovingly caressing the trigger when they turned and missed us by a few feet. We just caught a glimpse of their black bodies now and then as they high-tailed it through the bush.

The rhinos are bad enough, but we had also run inadvertently into a bunch of buffalo which the rush of the rhino had put into a panic. In a minute we were in the center of a big circle of sound of drumming hoofs and snorts. It seemed to last an eternity. We could not see a living thing, and yet these hoof beats seemed to be literally on top of us. I don't think I ever spent a more agonizing few seconds that seemed like hours. Nothing but the best bottle of Scotch in the commissary could bring me back to normal. I high-tailed it back to camp as fast as I could, and rested up the rest of the day.

Next day, I decided to do my hunting entirely from my camera car. So out we chugged, beat it about fifteen miles to the east, and bore down upon a herd of buffalo. The herd itself was close to the thick stuff and immediately drove into it. But we got an old bull, a cow and a calf isolated from the herd. Fortunately for us, they were on nice smooth running ground and we ran them all over Africa. At times we were so close to the old bull I could have jabbed him with the muzzle of my gun, but he would not turn and come, for which I could hardly blame him.

However, we got some very beautiful running shots, and glancing at the speedometer, I found to my amazement we were doing between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. This will give you some idea of the speed that the big heavy game of Africa can attain. Then we cut off and literally charged into the dense brush after the big herd. It was quite a thrill hitting the bush like a man with the ball, jumping over it, being able to see very little of what was ahead, with the ground full of jackal, porcupine, hyena and wart-hog holes. Fortunately, we hit nothing but brush, and while we glimpsed the herd now and then, we could not come up with them. The country around here was full of giraffe, oryx, Robert's gazelle and kongoni, of which we got some very nice shots.

We were easily drifting back toward camp on the flat at the foot of the hill when half way up we found a rhino sleeping in the bush. We stopped and I threw a shot over him to scare him down. Down he came, half way, and stopped. Another shot and he started down as if he meant business, cutting down the slope at an angle. We eased along until he was down on the flat, and then started one of our most exciting chases. Again we were breezing along after the rhino at about thirty miles an hour over good country. We almost struck him as he once cut in front of the car and to the other side. The cameras were grinding like mad and I could see that the animal was getting "stuffy," a word which is the African equivalent for mad.

Miss Chippo, my script clerk, was sitting between Dickinson and myself in the front seat. I turned to her and said, "Get ready to climb back into the body of the car."

"All right," she casually replied.

Pretty soon, sure enough he turned and came —came like fury.

"Climb back," I shouted to Miss Chippo.

"Oh, all right," came a bored answer.

Dickinson was trying his best to get the car turned around before the animal struck us so that he would not hit us broadside. I let go one shot, but it did not stop him. The next shot I was half way out of the car, firing toward its tail board, and the elephant gun nearly drove my elbow through the windshield, but as luck would have it, my second shot caught him very vitally in the shoulder just as the car hit a bump and bounced one of my men out of the tail and directly in the path of the charging animal and only a few feet in front of him. But praise God, that second shot had hit a nerve center! The animal stopped and would not put his weight on his front feet. He wanted to come very badly, but it hurt too much.

And now to give you a demonstration of the workings of the African mind. There are but two shells in an elephant gun. When both are fired, you break the gun, and your gun boy is supposed to have two shells ready to throw into the barrels with a speed that makes an elephant gun not unlike an automatic.

Had I been on foot with Riano out beside me, this would have been his very unexcited course of action, but for the first time in his life, he was in an automobile that was charged by a rhino. It was something new and beyond his mentality. As a consequence, when I let go that second shot and called back to him for more shells, from where he was seated in the body of the car directly behind me he handed me my field glasses, my water bottle, my overcoat, and a camera case—everything but shells. He was completely confused and befuddled.

Finally Miss Chippo picked up a box of shells from the floor where he had dropped them and rather irritably asked, "Is this what you're looking for?" It was.

I threw two new shells into the barrels and stepped out of the car which had now come to a stop. The boy who was thrown out of the car had scrambled to his feet and was making a wide running circle around the rhino trying to get back to the car. The rhino was there swaying on his front legs and mighty weak. I threw a bullet in the brute's ear and put him out of his misery.

It had been up to date one of our most exciting moments in Africa and a very dangerous one. Had the rhino struck our car, he would have, in all probability, tipped us over and it would have been a rather nasty mess with the automobile, cameras, cases, lunch boxes, and men all scrambled up together, with a mad rhino prancing around the edges and stamping what he could find into Africa. Some of the cameras might have been very badly broken.

Dickinson was mad enough to chew nails. He had anticipated a lot of excitement, was mad when I shot the first shot, madder when I shot the second, and furious when I finally had to kill the animal. All of his fun spoiled and his day ruined! Just think of the joy he might have had dodging around an overturned automobile trying to keep out from under the feet and off the horn of that rhino. He wouldn't even speak to me for half an hour, and my script clerk wanted a sandwich. She had the most ungodly appetite.

Roberts and Nogle were a little pale around the gills. They had been on top of the car with a couple of cameras, and when we had swung around, they had very nearly swung off. My property man, Harry Albiez, had been photographing the charge with a little amateur DeVry camera and was exulting because he was sure he had the best shot of them all. I was sure of only one thing, and that was, that I never wanted to see another rhino.

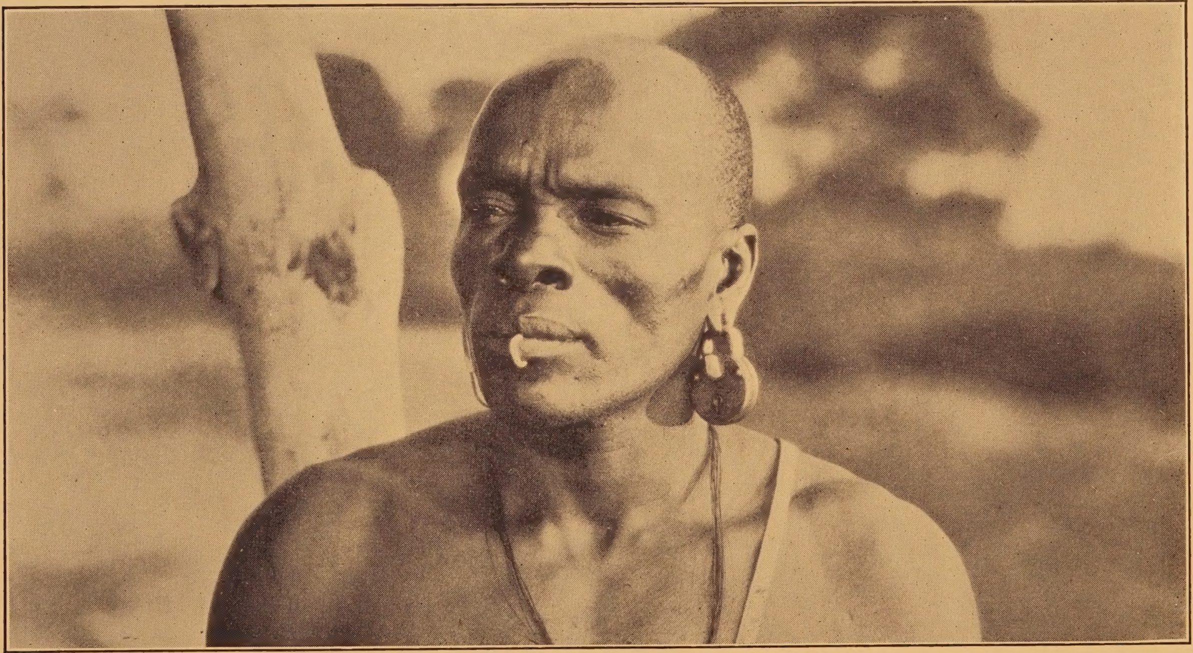
The next day we spent in cutting brush and opening up a road about a mile long from the camp down to the edge of the brush and onto the flat so that we could charge from the camp to the flat in a hurry. We hoped to intercept a herd of buffalo that had found good grazing ground in the marsh where the Nguruman, flowing down from the hills and out onto the flat, sank into Africa. There is about five acres of clear plain and prairie land, and in its center, an acre in extent, rose a huge bunch of elephant grass. The buffalo would come down from the bush, feed in and around this spot in the morning, and about nine or ten o'clock begin browsing their way back into the bush again.

The next morning surely enough the buffalo were there, about one hundred of them. We made the charge down our new road, forgetting the height of the cameras on top of the car, and came very near brushing them and two very good cameramen off into the dust by some low-hanging limbs of thorn trees. As it was, during the course of that charge Roberts and Nogle picked up a multitude of beautiful nice long thorns that stuck in almost every part of their anatomical structure.

The buffaloes heard us coming and it evolved into a race, whether we would get down to the flat before they got into the bush or they would get to the bush before we could intercept them. We won by a nose and charged directly into the herd and through them, cutting them in half. A bunch of about fifty kept along the edge of the bush, and we tore out after them. Time and again a few old bulls would stop and turn on us, but they lost heart at the last moment, and while we got some marvelous shots of running buffalo, we got no charge. By and by, the smaller herd got into rougher country and we had to give up the chase, but at this point, we picked up the trail of two more rhino and started following.

It is very interesting, following game trails by automobiles. You never know at what moment you might swing around a bush, and there before you stand the game. But on this day, we never came up with them and eventually had to give up and go back to camp.

This day I saw the first striped hyena I had seen in Africa. All the other hyenas to date had been of the spotted variety. The striped hyena is



Mutia never did know what it was all about. He just did what the crazy white man told him to do and very nearly stole the picture.

a much cleaner and nicer-looking animal, but he got away so quickly that we did not get much good film of him.

That night the hyena stopped howling during the night and surely enough, there were lion sign all over the place next morning, but that is all we ever saw—the sign. We laid out kills, but the only things presenting themselves for our cameras were hyenas.

The next day over in the swamp and directly across and on the other side were buffaloes. It was a herd of about one hundred and fifty or possibly more, and they were up wind. Keeping the tall grass between us and the animals, we tried sneaking up on them but soon hit the marshy ground with the car and had to stop.

I turned to Dickinson and asked, "Dick, do you think, if we got out there afoot, the herd would charge us?"

"I hardly think so," he replied. "They will seldom charge in a herd. We might get a charge out of a few old bulls, but that is what you want, isn't it?" he asked, trying to egg me on.

I turned to Roberts and Nogle, and told them to put their cameras on their backs. The boys never hesitated a moment nor uttered a word of protest. It was our intention to wade up to the grass, try to get through it to the other side, and get our cameras set up before the buffaloes became aware of our presence. We were not very far from the car until we were knee deep in mire, literally pulling one foot out after the other.

We had almost reached the tall grass when the buffaloes got our wind or heard us—or some damn thing—and they started—started directly through the tall grass toward us. As they struck the elephant grass, it sounded like the sudden roaring of a huge waterfall. I went numb all over. Dickinson was almost dancing with delight. I knew that if the buffalo came through that grass, they would be on top of us before they could possibly see us, and just what would happen then, I didn't care much to think about. The only chance on earth we had was to shoot a hole in the herd as they came, and trust to God.

I turned around to order the boys to get directly back of our guns. Bob Roberts was standing a little back of me and a little to the left. He was holding his camera by the head, with the tripod points stuck deep in the mud between his legs. His face was the color of chalk and I knew just how he felt. Then with a weak smile he chattered, "Mr. Van Dyke, would you like to buy a good camera cheap?"

This experience was something Riano, my gun boy, understood. He was afoot now and as cool as a cucumber, standing directly back of me with two shells held ready to slip into my gun the moment the two already in there were discharged. Dickinson had a pleasant smile on his face that looked as if he had just made a birdie or a grand slam. Standing immediately behind him was Harry Albiez with his poor little toy DeVry camera, bound and determined to get a picture of whatever it was that was roaring through that tall grass. Next to him George Nogle was trying to get his tripod planted in some kind of position, and it was slowly sinking out of sight into the mud.

Then all of a sudden, as I was watching the grass over the front sight of my gun, there was a dead silence. It was worse than the noise. The buffalo had stopped. Getting our wind a little stronger and not being able to locate us, they had come to a halt, probably for a conference. I could imagine a few old bulls getting their heads together and trying to decide whether to trample or gore us to death.

"Get those damn cameras out of here," I shouted, taking advantage of this pause.

"Wait a minute," softly spoke Dickinson. "I think they will start again if you will give them a chance."

"That's just what I am afraid of," I replied, "and you get the hell out of here also."

Step by step, foot by foot, we dragged ourselves back, and after an eternity, reached the camera car. Miss Chippo was busily writing notes. Dickinson was sullen and mad. There was not much conversation among the rest of the outfit. We just sat down and began scraping the mud from our legs and boots. Harry Albiez had a dry pair of socks and we envied him.

In the meantime, Stanton had been gazing rather contemplatively at that tall bunch of elephant grass where at least one hundred fifty buffaloes were concealed. "You know," he said, "I think I could take a half dozen of the boys, get around the other side, wade through that grass, and drive the buffalo on to you."

Well, this didn't make me feel badly, because I could not be held responsible for Stanton's insanity. The best I could do was to preserve their health and keep them alive. If they went crazy in the meantime, that was their funeral. I tried to soothe Stanton, patting him on the back and assuring him that he would feel better in a moment. Then up pops that damn-fool Dickinson and says, "That's a great idea. I'll go with you."

With the two madmen on my hands, I began to worry for the mental balance of the rest of my company and was somewhat relieved to see that they were as amazed as I was. And would you believe it? Those two African idiots eventually argued me into letting them do that insane thing!

With eight or ten of the camp boys they circled the grass, taking with them a number of smoke pots that Harry Albiez dug up from somewhere. We remained on the other side with our cameras set in position and ready. At a given signal we heard a shot and some yells, and sulphur smoke began drifting up from the smoke pots. On came the yells, the shots, and the smoke. Again that terrific roar, as the buffaloes began nervously running hither and yon through the grass in a confused, muddled state.

I have no doubt in the world that the buffaloes themselves knew that there were some maniacs there in the grass with them, and were probably just as frightened as I was. With their herd broken up into small groups, they came charging out of the grass and running past our cameras, but to save our souls, we could not aggravate a direct charge. I suffered agonies of fear and doubt during the time it took Stanton, Dickinson, and those natives to get through that grass and emerge on our side, sound and safe. Furthermore, they had not had to shoot a single buffalo.

I was tired, very tired. The fright and the excitement, the worry and the tense moments of waiting had completely fagged me, and I ordered everybody back to camp. The next day it rained and I was very thankful for the respite.

The day after that I again ordered the cameras on the backs of the boys. By this time, I was getting desperate for a charge. I could not stay in Africa forever, and yet I must have a charge before I left. But try as we would that day, we could not come up to the buffalo.

We finally picked up two rhino tracks and again followed them into the thick bush. Again that tense moment when the tick birds warned them of our nearness. Again the snorts, the crash of brush, and again they made off through the bush without giving us a charge, but we did manage to get a few feet of film as they got away.

By this time it was getting pretty late and we started back to camp when suddenly Dickinson threw up his hand in warning. There directly ahead of us and not twenty-five yards away, an old rhino bull was lying upon his stomach asleep against the tree.

We got the cameras into position and everything was set beautifully when I shouted to wake him up. He didn't move. We threw rocks at him, but he was sleeping soundly and it wasn't until our rocks had frightened the tick birds, which rose on the wing in warning, that he came to life. Then he bounced to his feet like a rubber ball, snorted for a moment trying to get our wind, and then came head on, an ugly-looking customer.

At my first shot he stopped and began whirling around, spinning like a top. We waited, hoping against hope that he would continue the charge, but he didn't. Finally he stopped spinning and started off again, when my second shell dropped him. He was the finest specimen that we had seen up to date, and his horns are now home upon my wall.

That evening Dickinson and Stanton again urged me to let them make another drive through the buffalo grass. I consented, and didn't sleep the rest of the night. It was not that I worried particularly about Stanton or Dickinson—they knew what they were doing. It was our blacks that caused me the most concern. These poor boys were ordered in. They weren't going of their own free will. It was theirs not to reason why, just theirs to do or die, and I knew they would obey those orders just as the six hundred obeyed theirs. I didn't want to be responsible for the loss of any lives, black or white.

By morning I was tired and grouchy, and ordered camp struck to leave Africa. Dickinson did prevail upon me, however, to let him and Stanton go down alone and try to aggravate a charge. The man was a glutton for dangerous undertakings and found a very ready second in Stanton.

Dickinson had a wife, Stanton hoped to have one, and they were both lovely girls. I reminded them of the fact, and they scoffed at me. Since we left Africa, Stanton got his from a leopard and I am just wondering how long it will be before I hear that Dickinson has at last gotten his, and how bad it will be.

I consented to let them try, and they did get a kind of half-baked charge from an old bull, but nothing that amounted to a great deal.

CHAPTER XX

WE EVACUATE

I had had enough. For over seven months now I had been solely and utterly responsible, not only for the health and lives of thirty-five whites and one hundred ninety-two blacks, but also for the expenditure of thousands of dollars of my company's money. Summing the whole thing up, I thought we had done enough.

On the screen we had over thirty-five varieties of African big game, with our actors working in the scenes with them. We had the dances, the songs, the native life of over fifteen African tribes, and on our film was a thin dark strip running down the edge which constituted the sound they made in all their different activities. I had photographed the beauty spots of Africa as well as the sun-blistered veldt land, and my cameramen had made a marvelous job of it.

We had seen and photographed and sounded the interiors of four African colonies—Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, and the Congo. I could leave now with every man, white or black, safe and sound, and I felt that I could show to my company value received for the money spent. That night for the first time in our long weary months, I stretched my legs and arms, heaved a sigh, and slept for nine good hours.

Back in Nairobi, the boys were busily dismantling the laboratory. Equipment not worth the expense of carrying back to the states, including our automobiles, was being sold to the highest bidder. The sound and generator trucks were being packed and loaded. Our more valuable equipment such as cameras were a little the worse for wear but still capable of shooting many hundreds of thousands of feet of film. Now that it was all over and we were once more back in Nairobi preparing to take the train down to Mombasa, I was sorry. After all, it had been the experience of a life time. We had made good and fast friends way out on the far edge of things.

There was a letter from Commander Buckler, telling me that if I ever needed his services in any way, at any time or any place, I had but to send him the word. Dickinson presented me with a solid-silver match box with a great deal of beautiful engraving. Friends and acquaintances whom we had met in the bush and who were now in town were trying their best to entertain us and make our last moments in Africa a pleasure.

That the boys felt the same way I did was very obvious, and yet while sad at heart, we certainly looked forward to the day we should step off the train in Hollywood and see again the old familiar faces that we knew so well.

I decided to bring back Mutia, who is playing the part of Renchero, as I needed him at the studio for close-ups, and as he had to have a companion, brought Riano, my gun boy, with him. We also engaged an interpreter to accompany them.

When we were aboard the ship bound back

up the Indian Ocean, I took the two blacks and an atlas, and using Kenya Colony as a scale unit, tried to explain to the boys what a long trip there was ahead of them. They could understand the Kenya Colony part of it, but as for the rest of the world, it was all a deep secret. They could no more understand that many number of miles than I can understand quadratics. They would look closely at the map, talk together for a moment, then shake their heads and smile—sometimes rather pityingly. I was either crazy or joking them.

We broke up the trip home by stopping off two or three days in Cairo. I expected to find a beautiful little Arabian town. Imagine my amazement when we drove through a huge cosmopolitan city with nearly two million souls, with hotels that were not surpassed anywhere on the continent, shops and bazaars that would have stopped the passers-by in Paris.

When we boarded the "Mauretania" in London, the immigration officials stopped my two African natives and were not going to permit them aboard the boat for the simple reason that they could not read nor write. Of course not. There was no such thing in their lives as reading or writing. They were not trying to enter America to stay, nor did they want to. They were on visitors' passports and we were bonded to the British government to return them home safe and sound, which made no difference to our own immigration officials. I threatened war with England and signed my life away to get them aboard that boat.

What their feelings were when they saw the New York skyline, I have no idea. To them Nairobi had been the center around which the universe revolved. Paris and London amazed them. I can remember Riano stopping as I was walking down the Champs Elysees with the two boys, shaking his head pathetically and muttering in Swahili, "Nairobi is only a camp."

As we came into New York, they saw snow. It worried them because it would land on their coats, and when they attempted to pick it up, it disappeared into water.

Here the immigration officials pounced on them and sent them to Ellis Island, and it was here that Riano pulled the classic of his career.

I went over before the Board of Review which consists of three pompous, very important individuals who sit side by side behind a desk and eye you up and down as you walk into the room, much in the manner of a cat eyeing a cornered mouse. You feel immediately that you have committed murder, arson, rape, or highway robbery.

Why were the two boys held up? They were illiterates. But they were not entering the country to stay.

It would make no difference—they were illiterates.

But the American Consul in Nairobi had assured me that there was no reason on earth for stopping them.

It made no difference. They could not read nor write—they were illiterates, and illiterates were not permitted to enter the United States.

But I would put up bond money to any sum required to assure my country that they would be sent back the minute we were through with them.

It made no difference—they were illiterates.

But if the customs officials refused to permit them to enter, it would cost my company thousands of dollars, besides hurting what we hoped would be one of the biggest pictures of the year.

It made no difference—they were illiterates.

Heaving a sigh, I turned away. On the other side of the room, the two boys were seated on a bench, huddled together in pathetic attitudes. They did not know what they had done, but they did know they were in jail for some reason or another, possibly forever.

I walked over to them with as cheerful a smile as I could get upon my face. Riano rose and came to my side, saluted, and then pointing an accusing finger at the head mogul of the triad, he said in his best English, "That man is a bad man—he shoves women."

This coming from an illiterate was really naive. These poor blacks, who had been taught to reverence white women as their forefathers had reverenced the sun, had seen white men shoving poor old white immigrant women in and out of doors, and their manhood was outraged.

Getting back into New York, we made a three-way telephone connection. Holding Ellis Island on the 'phone, we got Secretary of Labor Davis on the other end of the wire in Washington, and finally our blacks came away from Ellis Island.

They are now in Hollywood still shooting on the picture. They are becoming bored and want to get home. They do not like our American negroes, thinking them altogether too fresh.

Two or three days ago, I asked Riano how many wives he intended to buy when he got back to Nairobi. He modestly replied, "Only two."

Mutia has seven already and is saving his money, but Riano is branching out in plus fours and golf shoes. His Masai ear, the lobe pulled down until you could put a wash tub through it, but now neatly tucked up and over the top, affords the populace quite a bit of wonderment.

And when I take the two boys out and see the white and black men of our country staring at them amusedly, I often wonder if there are any of those who laugh who would step in front of their employer and take the thundering charge of a rhino, if they would stand fast and firm with a huge lion hurtling at them in the air, if they would be ever ready to stop drinking water themselves that the man for whom they carried a gun might not lack, and I wonder, too, if they knew that a white woman is safer among those blacks in the heart of Africa than she is on the main thoroughfare of any American city.

THE ADVENTURERS' CLUB

A club that breathes of other climes,
Of other faces, other times,
A memory of days we spent
Adventure seeking, pleasure bent.

A club that brings again to mind
Different races, other kind
Of people from across the seas,
Of tribes from the Antipodes.

Of sea dogs and the Northern Lights,
Of blazing suns and tropic nights,
Antarctic snows and desert heat
And jungles where the tom-toms beat.

Of mountain peak and waterfall,
Of forests where the grey wolves call,
Of cataract and rushing stream,
Of gold dust bed and campfire dream.

Of swamps and heaths and mesa lands,
Of foothills where the wild horse bands,
Arroyos, dunes and water holes,
Of treasure, loot and phantom goals.

A tiger's leap, a lion's roar,
The gleaming tusk of charging boar,
A leopard creeping on its prey,
A python lying by the way.

A Buddhist temple, Lama priest,
A surly Kurd from out the East,
A sniper in the Khyber Pass,
A savage in the pampas grass.

Of China and its coolie horde,
A bloody pirate junk to board,
Of Cossack and a well set spear,
A Baden dance hall floor to clear.

Of African and savage black,
The Matterhorn with pack on back,
Of Hudson's Bay and broad snow shoe,
Australia and its kangaroo.

A mosque where Moslem sultans meet,
A narrow barricaded street,
A challenge—Halt! a shot, and cries—
A dead man in the roadway lies.

An S. O. S.—a volunteer
Always ahead and damn the rear!
Out where one is the first to fall,
Out where the gods of courage call.

Now fancy turns from thing and place
And focuses on hard, grim face
Of men whose hand clasp means a friend
Who'll see you through to any end.

Of men who lead the leaders in;
Whose daily roll call shows how thin
Their ranks are growing as each dawn
Finds one or more a-westward gone.

Of men of mettle, men with guts,
At home in palaces or huts;
Of men who know their rifle sights
As well as they know Broadway Lights.

Of men who hold but light their loss
'Neath northern star or southern cross;
Each following the sirens' call,
Adventure seeking one and all.

Of men who knew each raw frontier
And men who scorn to halt or fear;
Of men who always set the pace,
The pioneers of every race.

So carry on, and when you're dead,
For epitaph may this be said:
"He had his boots on when he fell
And made adventure out of hell."

—W. S. Van Dyke

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1943.

Death Takes Van Dyke, Hollywood Director

Major Retired From Marine Corps Reserve Passes at 53 Years

MOURNED — Maj. Woodbridge S. Van Dyke II, film director, dies suddenly.

Maj. Woodbridge S. Van Dyke II, 53, noted motion-picture director, died suddenly at his Brentwood home yesterday shortly before noon.

He had been retired from active duty with the Marine Corps Reserve recently because of his health. He went on active duty immediately after the outbreak of the war.

EARLY CAREER

Van Dyke, a native of San Diego, where his father, a Superior Court judge, died a few days before his son's birth, went on the stage almost as a baby, and played in legitimate theaters as a juvenile. In 1907 he joined a construction gang and helped build the trail from the headwaters of the Porcupine to the Mackenzie River. He returned to vaudeville and plays and began trying his hand at writing plays.

After service in the armed forces in the World War he returned to the theater, and soon devoted his full time to motion picture direction.

Among noted screen successes produced under his guidance were "White Shadows in the South Seas," "Trader Horn," "Laughing Boy" and other productions filmed in far places of the earth. Other pictures were "The Thin Man," "San Francisco," "Sweethearts," "Bittersweet," "Naughty Marietta."

Van Dyke's Brentwood home at 334 S. Bundy Drive is filled with authentic travel curiosities picked up during his trips to distant places.

CLUB CONNECTIONS

He was a member of the Explorers Club, International Adventurers Club, a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society of London, and belonged to dozens of fraternal, professional, athletic and honorary organizations and clubs.

Van Dyke was a cousin of Henry Van Dyke, philosopher, writer and former American Ambassador to The Hague. He leaves his widow, the former Ruth Mannix; three children, Barbara Laura, 7; Woodbridge S. Van Dyke III, 6, and Winston Stuart, 3.

Maj. Van Dyke was active in recruiting for the Marine Corps until ill health forced his retirement from active service.

Christian Science funeral services will be conducted at 11 a.m. Monday in the Church of the Recessional, Forest Lawn Memorial Park, with interment following in the cemetery.